Also: Frank Capra,
Bugs Bunny, Mother & Me.

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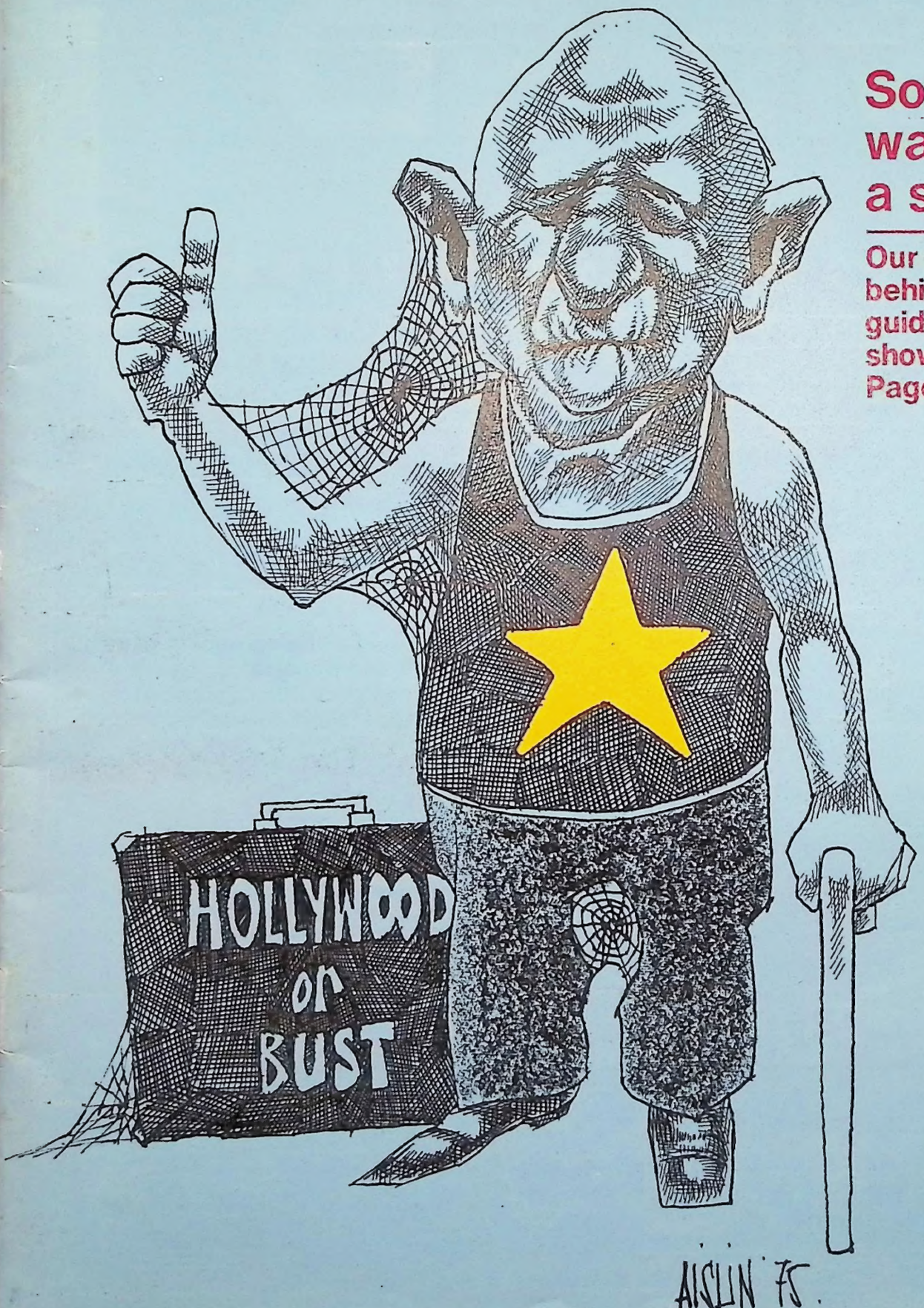

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Our comprehensive, behind-the-scenes guide to Hollywood shows you how.
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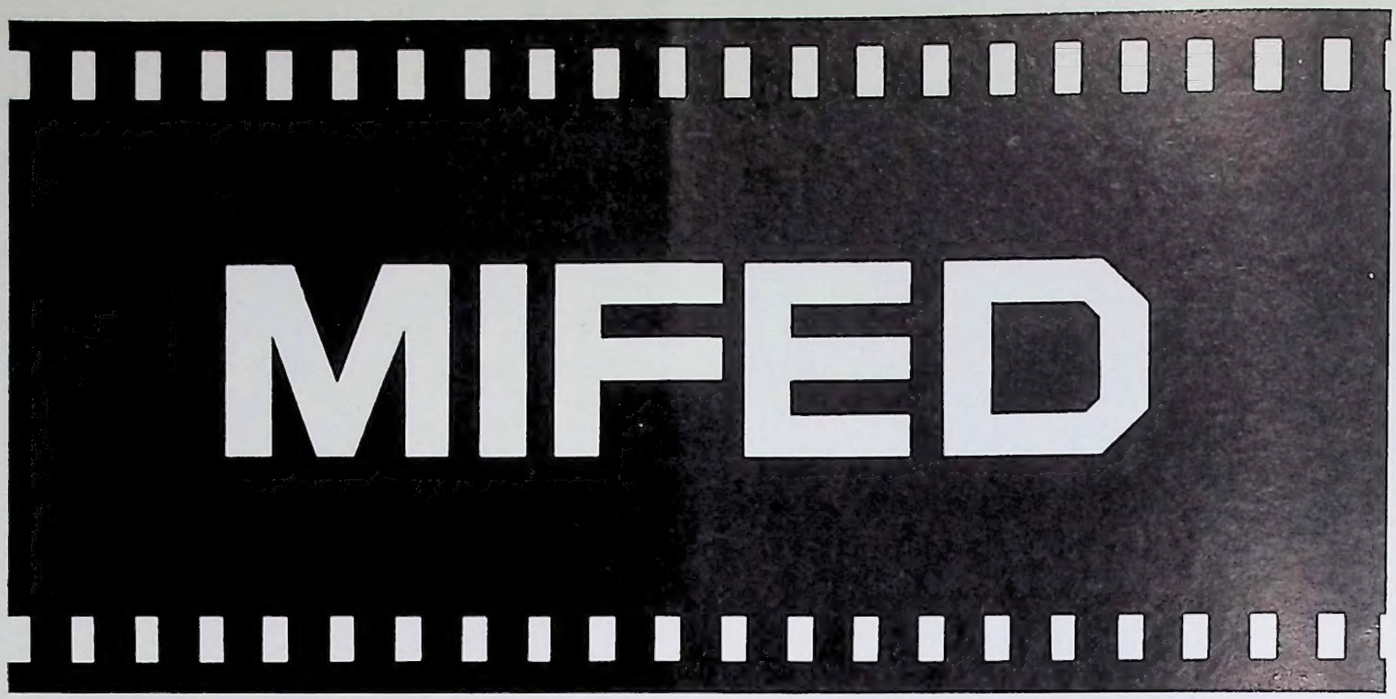

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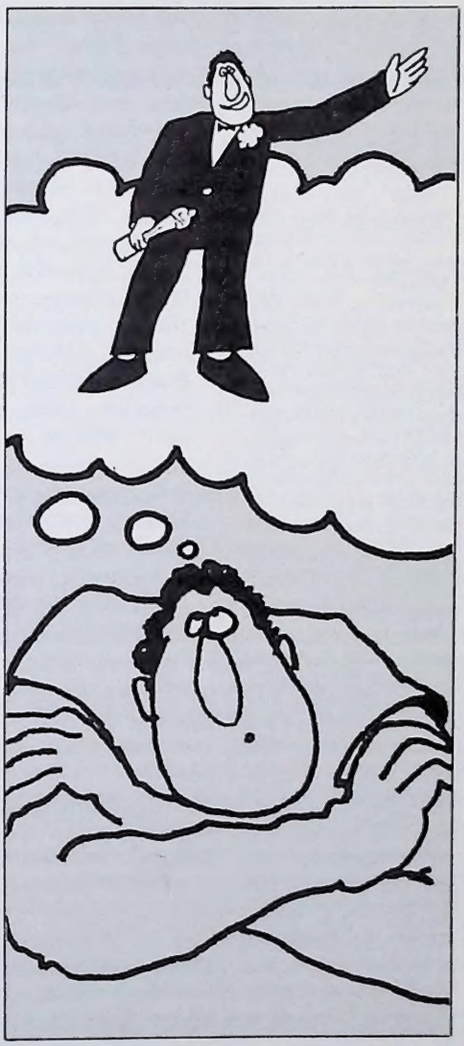

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The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Soviet cinematographer Mikhail Suslov (whose production of **The Seagull** took the silver prize for photography at the 1973 San Francisco Film Festival) has finally been allowed to emigrate to the United States.

All of those discerning fans who saw and loved **Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS** (financed by Canada's Cinepix) will be tickled to know there's a sequel on the way: **Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks.**

To celebrate America's bicentennial, the Lily cup people — at Holmdel, N.J. — have constructed the world's largest paper cup: 30' tall by 25' wide, it can hold 70,000 gallons.

Those who saw **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** in Britain or at its North American premiere, closing night of Ottawa's Filmexpo on August 15, may want to take another look at it in its general release. Apparently in response to audience reactions, the film has a new spoof ending — much happier — in which Tim Curry is not killed after all. (Also, Richard Lester's **Royal Flash** is some 20 minutes shorter in North America than it has been in the U.K.)

Tatum O'Neal, aged 11, is to be paid $35,000 a week for ten weeks for her part in **Bad News Bears,** plus 8% of the net profit of the picture, plus 1% of the gross receipts from actual break-even point, to a cut-off point of $13,000,000. Just thought you'd like to know.

Assignments: Bill Cosby and Raquel Welch will star in Peter Yates' **Mother, Jugs and Speed** (filming to start in L.A. October 20).... Jerrold Freedman directing **Not Fade Away,** about Buddy Holly and the Crickets.... Henry Jaglom to direct Jerry Brandt Jr. and Mike Todd Jr.'s film of Sylvia Plath's **The Bell Jar.** ... Cary Grant has been elected a director of MGM, increasing the size of the board to ten members. ... Milos Forman, currently editing his **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest** (starring Jack Nicholson), has been signed to direct **Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe,** a comedy-mystery. ... Bruce Dern, Madeline Kahn, Art Carney and Ron Leibman head the cast of Paramount's **Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood.** Michael Winner is directing. ... Stirling Silliphant and Henry Gellis have signed Douglas Trumbull to direct **Hiero's Journey,** a futuristic fantasy by Silliphant. Production will be in Canada and Hawaii next year. ... Alain Resnais is preparing **Providence** from a script by David Mercer, starring Dirk Bogarde and Ellen Burstyn. ... Nicol Williamson, Alan Arkin, Laurence Olivier, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Samantha Eggar and Joel Grey are among the cast for Herbert Ross's **The Seven-Per-Cent Solution** (based on the best-seller), which is to start shooting in Vienna in early October. ... Linda Blair is back for **The Exorcist, Part II** (directed by Sam O'Steen), starting in January. ... Salvador Dali's been signed by director Alexandro Jodorowsky for a part in **Dune.** Also in the picture is Orson Welles. ... Sergio Leone (after seven years of preparation) seems about to embark on his monumental **Once Upon a Time in America** (about the US in the 20s and 30s — Wall Street, Prohibition and gangsters). Richard Dreyfuss and Robert Charlebois have already been approached to act in it. ... William Friedkin, who has now completed filming on a low-budget horror film called **A Safe Darkness,** has announced plans for a large-scale adventure film, **Sorcerer,** to be shot this winter as a remake of the 1953 classic **The Wages of Fear.** ... Ken Russell is preparing **The Murder of Thomas Becket,** as well as a film on Rudolph Valentino. ... Michel Legrand has been signed (after Jack Clayton was originally considered) to direct his first film, **Blind Love.** ... Robert Shaw, Genevieve Bujold and James Earl Jones are starring in Universal's 18th-century pirate adventure film, **Swashbuckler.** ... Robert de Niro is to play the title role (based on Irving Thalberg) in Elia Kazan's version of **The Last Tycoon** (Mike Nichols having been originally set to direct). ... Ilya Salkind, 26-year-old super-kid producer of the forthcoming **Superman,** has announced plans to make a $30 - $40 million 10-hour saga of Mexican history. Richard Lester has already agreed to direct one of the film's five segments. ... Jane Fonda is to play the title role in Sydney Pollack's **Julia,** based on the incident described in Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento.* ... Albert Finney is to repeat as Hercule Poirot in another all-star Agatha Christie-based thriller, **Evil Under the Sun.** ... Lana Turner, in her first film assignment since the 1966 **Madame X,** will star in **Deadlock.** ... John Cassavetes is to direct pal Ben Gazzara in **The Killing of a Chinese Bookie.** ... After two years of preparation, George Lucas and Gary Kurtz (who produced **American Graffiti**) are to start shooting their **The Star Wars** in January. It'll be 20th Century-Fox's 1976 Christmas picture. ... Isabelle Adjani (of Truffaut's forthcoming **Adele H**) and Yves Montand have signed to be in a new musical comedy by Jacques Demy. ... And Blake Edwards and Peter Sellers are committed to still another **Pink Panther** sequel, to start filming in January.

GET A JOB!

Hey! UCLA is looking for two $13,700/year lecturers, one to teach "History, Aesthetics, and Production of Third World Films", and the other to teach "Writing and Direction of Motion Pictures / Television Production". They're looking for someone preferably with a Ph.D. or M.F.A. and with some teaching experience, and there's the chance for Assistant Professor rank in a year's time. Deadline for applications is December 31st. Letter of application and curriculum vitae should go to: The Chairman, Department of Theater Arts, UCLA, 405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Tell 'em we sent you.

CONFUSION

"Jacques Tati to Make First Hollywood Film", headlined the *Hollywood Reporter* recently, over a report that Tati had been in tinseltown talking with producer Steven North (who spilled the beans on Medium Cool **in an article in our Vol. 2 No. 6) about making his American and English-speaking film debut with a $1.6 million project to be called** Confusion. **David Frost was to be Executive Producer and it was hoped that Tati would have the film ready for Cannes next year. (North reported that one previous attempt had been made to lure Tati to North America when, years ago, Jack Warner proposed he do** Mr. Hulot Goes West. **Tati was not keen.) North was enthusiastic: "We would be sitting across from a man who is, maybe, 68, but he has the mind and the activity and the life in him of Steven Spielberg, who's 28, and he has a much better mind than Steven."**

But a week or so later, it became clear that Tati was even more active than even North had imagined, when a letter arrived from the French director saying that Confusion **is "in the preparation stage with a Franco-Anglo-Swedish production". North, who felt he and Tati had a binding verbal contract, and had — in fact — just found financing for the project, had just been (how you say?) "confusioned".**

Supernews: Scriptwriter Mario Puzo's being paid close to $500,000 in advance, plus 5% of the profits, for his contribution to the multi-million dollar production of **Superman.** Steven Spielberg turned down an offer to direct the picture because the title hero will not be satirized.

Toronto filmmaker Marty Gross won a 5000 Deutschemarks (about $2000) prize at this year's Oberhausen Short-Film Festival for **... as we are,** a study of handicapped children.

It is becoming increasingly clear that The Great Film Robbery was an inside job. Sometime during the holiday weekend of August 15-17, 74 cans of film were removed from the Technicolor plant outside Rome. Included in the heist were 35-40% of the negative of Sergio Leone's **The Genius,** one-third of Pier Paolo Pasolini's **120 Days of Sodom,** and nine reels of Fellini's **Casanova.** The latter two directors are said to have enough covering footage to eliminate the need for re-takes (though Fellini may use the opportunity to re-stage some of his opening scenes, about which he was reported to have been unhappy anyway). Leone, however, is awaiting the results of lab tests in which dupes will be made from his untouched (and unstolen) work prints.

John Milius has completed rewriting his eight-year-old screenplay, **The Apocalypse Now,** and the $11,000,000 film about the Vietnam war is to be directed (in Australia) by Francis Coppola (George Lucas of **American Graffiti** fame was to have directed but he was afraid he'd die in the jungle while filming it). Milius (who last directed **The Wind and the Lion**) described the new project (an update of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* set just after the Tet offensive of 1968) as "the most violent war movie ever made".

Alfred Hitchcock's 53rd film — which he is currently editing — has had its name changed from **Deceit** to **Family Plot.**

In a final ruling on a case which has been in the courts since May 1969, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has decided that D.W. Griffith was in fact the creator and legal "author" of **The Birth of a Nation.** The court held that Epoch Producing Corp., a distribution company formed after the completion of the film, no longer has any copyright interest in the film (Epoch had filed suit against New York's Museum of Modern Art and Paul Killiam, successor to the Griffith estate, charging copyright infringement). Testimony on behalf of Griffith was given by Lillian Gish and Joseph Henaberry, while classic film distributor Raymond Rohauer testified on Epoch's behalf. In a related development, Rohauer has instituted a $460-million libel suit against the *London Times,* Paul Killiam, John Baxter and others, charging that as a result of an article in a January issue of the *Times.* "The Silent Empire of Raymond Rohauer: The Ever-Expanding Power of the Cinema's Strangest Mogul", written by Baxter (and allegedly based on information supplied by Killiam), Rohauer "has been greatly injured in his business and reputation and has been exposed to hatred, shame, contempt, ridicule, aversion, degradation and disgrace, and has suffered great pain and mental anguish all to his damage in his business and profession."

LETTERS

Dreyfuss' debut

Help keep Richard Dreyfuss ("Mr. Dreyfuss") out of the press and on the screen. Literate he ain't!

Sandra Sider
Lexington, Kentucky

I want you to know that one of the main reasons I subscribed is your employment of Rick Dreyfuss to write a column [Vol. 4 No. 10] from the "Actor's Perspective". (How's that for your egomania, Dreyfuss?) Your magazine is an excellent one, though, and it will be interesting to see how Mr. Dreyfuss handles himself (somehow, that doesn't sound quite right). Rotsa ruck!

Becky L. Ferguson
Bothell, Washington

I enjoyed reading Richard Dreyfuss' column. He is wonderfully outrageous, delightful and refreshing. His acting isn't so bad either.

Deborah Scott
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We go to school

After reading your Vol. 4 No. 8 issue, I was tempted to write to tell you what — from this English teacher's view — a splendid issue it was. Grass rootsy. Informational. Clear and to the point.

Then Vol. 4 No. 9 came, prompting me to write and suggest that more of the kind of thing in 8 would be appreciated here — and, I suspect, in colleges and universities elsewhere. Of course, I know you can't slant the whole publication toward academics, but the interviews and the excessive title-dropping in what I can only characterize as your "usual" articles tend to wear out before the end of the article comes.

In 9, I appreciated the yellow insert about books and sources. This is the kind of thing we can use to develop our library holdings (and student and faculty interest).

George Gleason, Head
Department of English
Southwest Missouri State University
Springfield, Missouri

We still have some copies of James Monaco's eight-page "Film: How and Where to Find Out What You Want to Know" (a comprehensive guide to reference materials) at 75 cents apiece (special discounts available on bulk orders). Write Offprints, Take One Magazine, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3. — Ed.

Editing the censors out

The article by Jennifer Alward [Vol. 4 No. 10] makes a good case for understanding and tolerating censors. Understanding and toleration are important. The picture I get of Jennifer Alward is: aware, clear-thinking, articulate. So much so that I wish she would make an effort to make censors unnecessary!

Joe Scozzy
Seattle, Washington

Letting the TV film editors write about their work only underscores the fact that cutting for this medium hurts rather than helps most movies. TV movies should not be edited at all, and appropriate warnings should precede the film. Besides, after watching little kids gobble down handfuls of popcorn while they saw Robert Shaw become shark dinner, I'm convinced that kids can watch anything. It's the adults who think they can't that cause the trouble.

Doubly bad about TV editing is its often sheer stupidity, and the networks can't agree on anything vaguely resembling standards. CBS butchered the finale of **Count Yorga, Vampire** last summer so badly that, for all I could tell, the count perished from acute anemia. CBS also recently showed **Becket,** minus some sword cuts at the end; but, for some inexplicable reason, the network also cut out the scene showing the woman lying in her tent with the suicide-dagger plunged into her bosom. Peter O'Toole opens the tent, looks, and reacts in shock. But the effect is to make one wonder if he saw her doing something obscene to herself.

When NBC ran **Khartoum** in prime time several years ago, the severed head was shown held up by Olivier — and we saw Heston's own piked head at the end. Not so when CBS ran this film recently. First, Heston looked horrified; later, it was Olivier's turn. We never saw the reasons for their reactions.

Here's my worst example of TV butchery. Los Angeles Channel 11 (KTTV) last summer aired **Citizen Kane,** a two-hour film, in that same time slot, but with 15 minutes missing for commercials. Gone was the absolutely key subplot of Jim Gettys ruining the political career of Kane. Although Ray Collins, as Gettys, was completely cut from the film, he was kept in the closing credit scenes! To me, this treatment of a classic was unforgiveable — especially considering that Channel 11 preceded **Kane** with the complete, un-edited science fiction non-masterpiece, **Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman.**

I rest my case.

Bill Elledge
Riverside, California

We welcome letters from our readers, but can seldom accommodate letters over 500 words long. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Goofy in **The Reluctant Dragon**, 1941.
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Pluto Pup Title Card.
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OF MICE

Animators spend years drawing circles and drawing forth joy, but the historians are preoccupied with drawing lines.

Animation, as a subject, is far more interesting than Millard Fillmore, but historically it has been given the same treatment. When a man goes about writing an inclusive history of Film, throwing out cartoons seems to be the first order of business, right after rolling up the sleeves and clearing the desk of rubber bands.

It all began with Lewis Jacobs, who, in 1939, gave Walt Disney credit for being some kind of an artist (something, at least, beyond the aesthetic level of a door-to-door salesman) and then made the statement with a frog in his throat: "Though active only in the sphere of the animated cartoon, he nevertheless is more significant as a film artist than any of his contemporaries," said Mr. Jacobs in *The Rise of the American Film*. Why "though"? Whence "only"?? Wherefore "nevertheless"???

And on it's gone since then, the obligatory passage early in the book explaining that, gee, with all there was to do we just *couldn't* spend any time on animated cartoons, and they should really have a book of their own someday in the sweet bye-and-bye, but meanwhile we'll expend a lot of verbiage on the Documentary Film, as if that somehow *were* in the mainstream of Film History. And so the "book of their own" remains a fantasy, apologetic promontories go on gracing mountains of aesthetic discrimination, Robert Flaherty and Pare Lorentz become icons, and Tex Avery remains a shadow.

Animators spend years drawing circles and drawing forth joy, but the historians are preoccupied with drawing lines. Film is too limitless an art to allow these artificial borders to stand indefinitely, of course, but as long as they do the same cartoons that used to run ahead of the feature picture are furlongs behind in the Critical Evaluation Sweepstakes. Not only that, but their appreciation is subject to the same condescension toward Popular Culture that once plagued their feature-length cousins.

First, of course, comes the **You Can't-Beat-the-Star-System Stage**. The days when John Wayne was the Celebrity and John Ford the Obscurity belong to the distant past, but responsible adults who delight in the adventures of Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, and the Roadrunner, put blank looks on their faces when you mention Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, or Chuck Jones — though they have probably read those names off the screen more often than Otto Preminger's or John Huston's.

When something actually does get into print about the subject, then the **Pin-the-Tail-on-Aunt-Emily Effect** usually comes into prominence: historians stabbing about in the dark, making any statement that sounds factual, and secure in the knowledge that few of their readers are equipped to prove them wrong. This once allowed people like Lewis Jacobs to

---

Joe Adamson, Itinerant Screenwriter and Ne'er-Do-Well, co-director of the award-winning film ***A Political Cartoon****, sometime* Take One *contributor, author of the definitive book* Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Sometimes Zeppo, *as well as the eagerly-awaited* Tex Avery: King of Cartoons, *has no pretensions about his work.* Tex Avery, *from which this present diatribe is culled, is being published by Popular Library this fall as an entry in their Film Fan Monthly Filmbook series.*

A Chuck Jones original sketch for ***Much Ado About Nutting****, 1953.*
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Jerry Mouse and Gene Kelly in George Sidney's ***Anchors Aweigh****, 1945.*
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Chuck Jones' ***My Little Duckaroo****, 1954.*
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& CATS

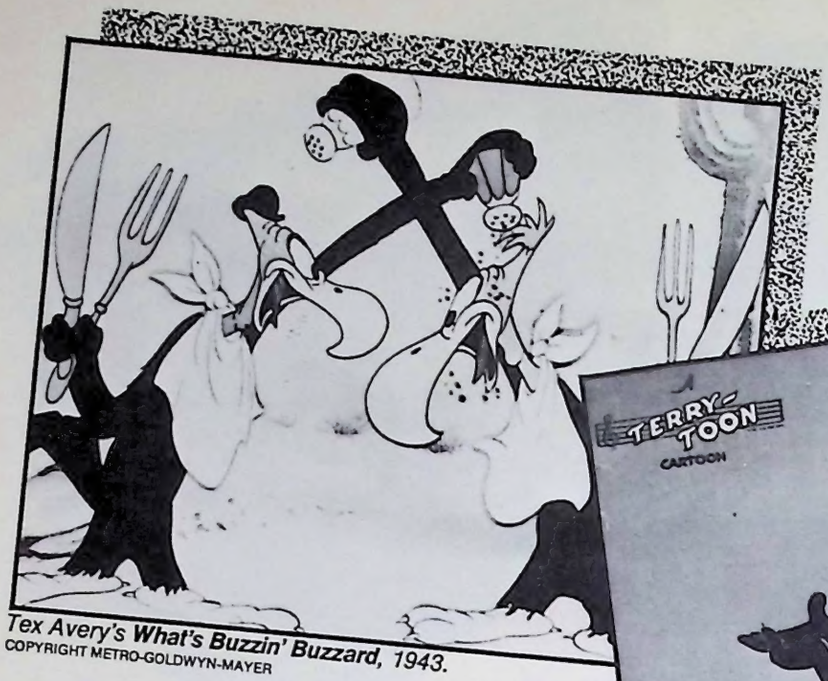
BY JOE ADAMSON

scramble Griffith films and Chaplin titles with an abandon that a post-Sarris reader can only find hilarious, but to writers on Animation the *faux pas* is still *de rigueur*. In the presumably authoritative *International Encyclopedia of Film*, Roger Manvell typifies the style when he writes of "the traditional Tom & Jerry series of Tex Avery, the Cat and Mouse characters originated in the late 1940s." Even begging the grammatical question that wants to call Tex Avery a Cat and Mouse, there are almost more mistakes in this sentence than there are words: we find Mr. Manvell crediting Avery with the *creation* of characters he in fact never used even once (nearly all the Tom & Jerries were directed by Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, who created the characters under Rudy Ising) and allowing their birth to *follow* their fifth Oscar (they were the star characters of the mid-forties and first appeared in a 1939 cartoon called **Puss Gets the Boot**). He might as well have been talking about the "traditional" Myrna Loy Westerns of Alfred Hitchcock.

Things go on in this way for several years before writers are willing to take the matter to the advanced stage called the **Sociological Sidestep**, whereby the films can be seriously discussed and with a certain attempt at accuracy, but only through a point of view that seeks to diminish the individual filmmaker to the level of a pawn in the grip of massive social undercurrents, commercial trends, and class struggles. These people will find musicals of the early 30s interesting only for the light they may shed on the "manners and mores of the times," and they will flock to Wartime propaganda atrocities to watch "attitudes" being "reflected" — they speak constantly, in fact, of films as "mirrors," without seeing the Wonderland that resides just inside them. In the Realm of Cartoons we have a stab as blind as Richard Schickel's in *The Disney Version*: Bugs Bunny is not the product of anyone's imagination, he is the personification of The Free World's resistance to Hitler; Mickey Mouse is not a screen personality, he is the very embodiment of the innocence and charm of Rural Americana. To *this* people perk up their ears. They pay attention and money. Simon & Schuster publishes the book, and people go around saying, "Richard Schickel wrote a book about Walt Disney." But he didn't.

A popular subdivision of the Sociological Sidestep is the **Propaganda Poop-Out**: critics with an axe to grind and a nose for nothing but grindstones. Here we find the moralizing attitude that would champion **High Noon** and **The Ox-Bow Incident** while ignoring **Rio Bravo** and **The Searchers**. In Ralph Stephenson's book *The Animated Film* (known among those familiar with it as The Outrage of Ralph Stephenson or, among the more familiar, The Outrage of Ralph) Hollywood animation is written off as pure mindless violence while miasmas of praise are spun for European classics like George Dunning's **The Apple**: "... a William Tell complex... hints at secret vices... it is a mad, suggestive film." Well, **The Apple** isn't so bad, as cartoons of this type go. Observation, detail, creativity, visual excitement, and genuine humor are at a minimum, of course, but the pay-off is amusing and nice enough to nearly justify the time it takes to sit through the film. But one-liners like this are a frightfully limited way for an art form to spend its time; stories and characters with lifeblood in their veins are commodities harder to come by. (All of Avery's films are mad and suggestive, if that's what the critic is out for, and what they hint at goes way beyond vice or versa.)

Stephenson's book (also known as An Ounce of Pretension) is characteristic of another frame of mind, which might be



Tex Avery's ***What's Buzzin' Buzzard,*** *1943.*
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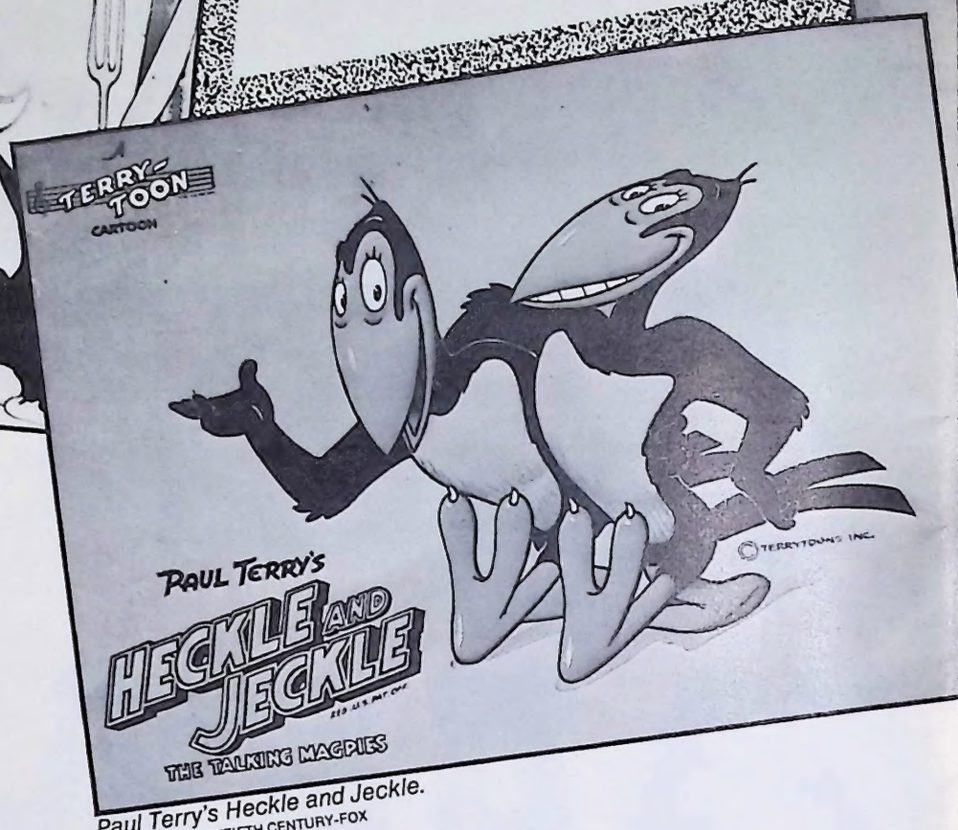

Paul Terry's Heckle and Jeckle.
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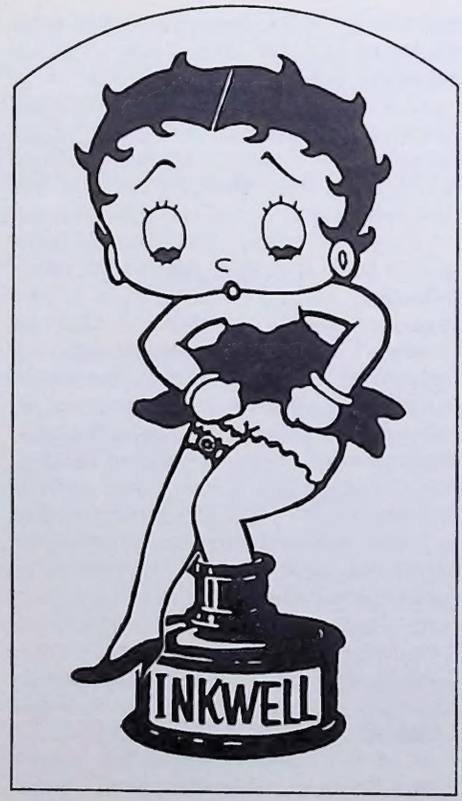
called the **I-May-Not-Know-What-I-Like-But-I-Know-Art Syndrome.** By this rationale, nothing performed in a given art form can be considered Worthy until it closely resembles the entrenched techniques of some other art form. The Feature Film has long been out of the Dark Age in which essayists felt they had to call **Intolerance** "the only film fugue" before getting around to saying something nice about it, and in which **The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari**, because it used Expressionistic paintings for backgrounds, was considered the solitary artistic venture of the Flickering Image. But it's clear that Animation is still back there when Ralph Stephenson can say of **Fantasia**, "A section to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* should be mentioned, because it was favorably received by the composer as a legitimate interpretation of his music." As if that was within hailing distance of a criterion! The Zagreb School of Animation, with its Cubist features and its featureless cubes, joins UPA (United Productions of America, creators of Mr. Magoo and Gerald McBoing Boing) in enjoying the kind of recognition that smells of dank museum corridors, while screen cartoonists with inventiveness and originality (whom the Zagreb animators would *love* to emulate,



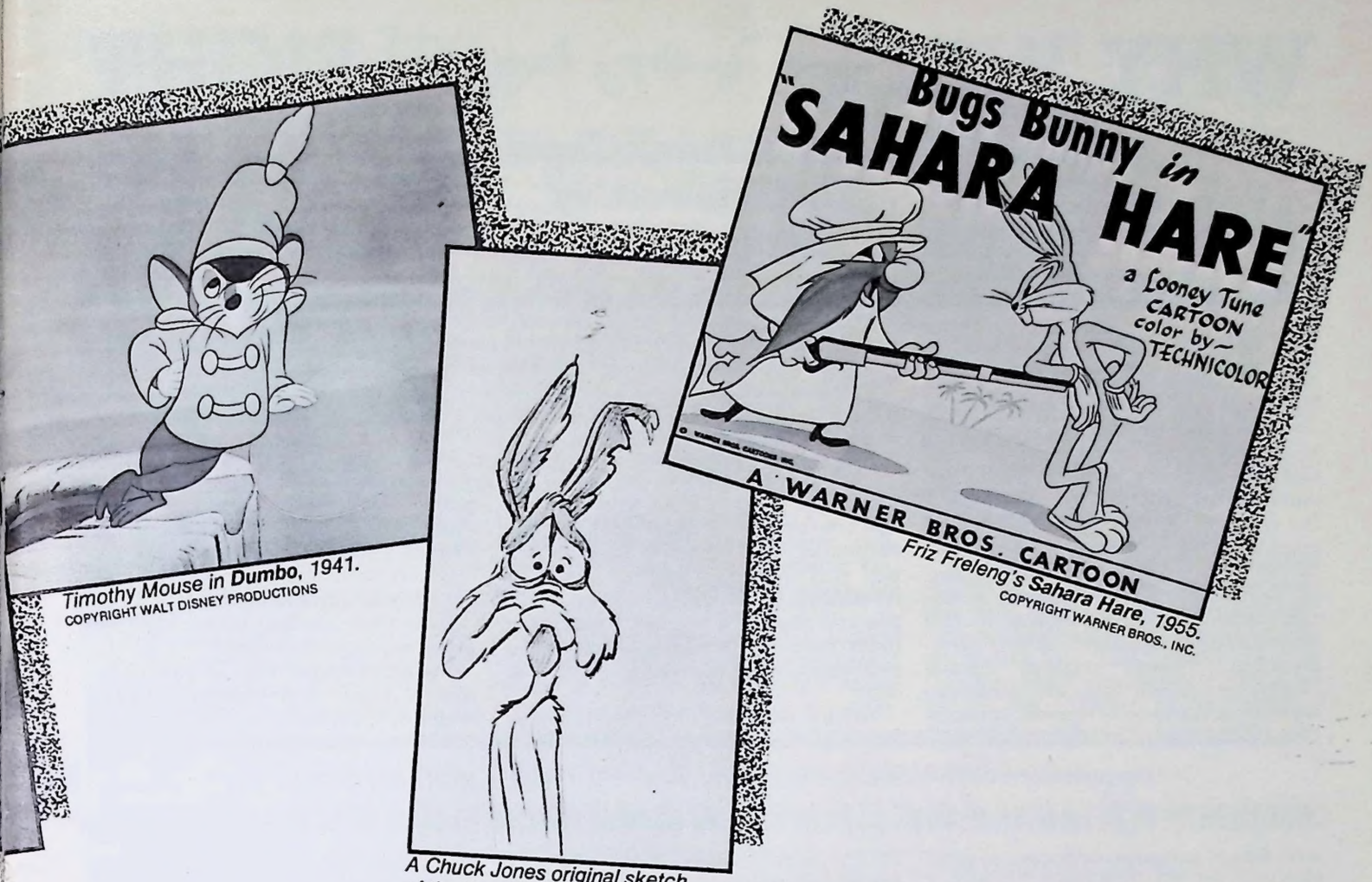
Max and Dave Fleischer's Betty Boop.

but simply haven't got the budgets) have become the black sheep of the fold.

Where Feature Film Devotees meet, these narrow-minded attitudes have been banished to the remotest outposts of civilization, such as Film Appreciation classes in Idaho. But where Animation, the new underdog of the arts, is concerned, the blinders are still on.

You can see it happening. Some asthmatic college professor looking for attention one day decides that perhaps, yes, animation *can* be considered an art form. But *only* (the disciplinarian in him coming out) if it adheres to certain principles. And what does he pick for his principles? Personal expression, a living contact with people and their culture, a dynamic use of the medium's resources, a range of feelings that cannot be expressed in any other art form, the mystical impulse which turns the commonplace into art? No. It will be a decaying old precept left over from some other art form, and probably some other century. The Golden Mean, or Unity of Place and Time. Well, there are a lot of us who think animation can be considered an art form, but we don't go to Stravinsky for our guidelines.

Animation, like Film, is an art of images: moving, profound, hyperbolic, or



Timothy Mouse in **Dumbo**, *1941.*
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Friz Freleng's **Sahara Hare**, *1955.*
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A Chuck Jones original sketch of the Roadrunner's potential nemesis, Wile E. Coyote.
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just funny, they are images that hopefully express something about their creators' insides, about the conflict inherent in the story, or about life on this particular planet. As images, they have no more obligation to resemble Impressionist or Cubist art than do the images in the great films to resemble Dore etchings or Experimental Theater. The ancestors of the Animated Cartoon include all the visual arts, as well as the Drama, the Short Story, and of course The Movies, but it exists independently of these and at its best draws no more from them than inspiration. True, Hollywood rarely used the medium for anything other than to get a laugh (although proponents of UPA's **Tell-Tale Heart** forget that Harman & Ising made a chillingly effective anti-war film called **Peace on Earth** that owed nothing to anybody's short story), but the gift of laughter never proved a handicap to Chaplin, Keaton, Fields, or Preston Sturges, and it didn't seem to get in the way of Avery, Jones, Freleng, or Clampett either.

What can Animation do that ordinary film can't do, besides get a dog to talk? Walt Disney said a lot when he said, "How does a human being react to stimulus? He's lost the sense of play he once had and he inhibits physical expression. He is

There are a lot of us who think animation can be considered an art form, but we don't go to Stravinsky for our guidelines.

the victim of a civilization whose ideal is the unbotherable, poker-faced man and the attractive, unruffled woman. They call it poise."

By its very flamboyance, every aspect of the action in a good animated scene shows up those real-life movies for the Earthbound Doldrums they really are. An animated character seems unwilling to go from the corner of the room to the door without enduring dramatic transformations of form and texture, undergoing insidious insurrections in all known joints, losing and regaining a generous portion of his clothes, and assuming every split second a new posture more appropriate to some victim of a hard-boiled fit of the ague. He never just *walks* over, unless the guy at the drawing board has abandoned him. In the carefully analyzed action you will find in a good Disney picture, the levels of subtlety and exaggeration, of exuberance and grace, of action and reaction, of reality and fantasy, merge so harmoniously into a Hymn to Movement that repeated study in slow motion reveals endless marvels.

But all of this, the intricacies and accuracies and hyperboles of a cartoon figure's movement, means nothing without the spark of characterization that brings the Movies to life. This is what separates a real Animator from the day-to-day cartoonist: like some modern centaur, an Animator must be half draftsman and half actor.

Bugs Bunny is a case in point. *Bugs Bunny does not exist!* (Virginia notwithstanding.) And if he is going to *appear* to exist, and engage in conflicts, and maintain an ascending and descending scale of emotions, and become a box-office attraction and a Hollywood legend, and be referred to in the third person, as "he," it is going to take the concerted efforts of a lot of talented people to turn him from a concept into a creation.

No, Bugs Bunny does not exist. But *he lives.*

WHY WE (SHOULD NOT) FIGHT

Colonel Frank Capra interviewed by George Bailey

Frank Capra broke into the movies by writing gags for Mack Sennett. He went on to direct the screw-ball comedy **It Happened One Night** and then **Mr. Deeds Goes To Town** and **Lost Horizon**. He became one of the few Hollywood directors with creative independence from the studios and continued to make films into the 1960s. In the view of history, however, Capra's most important work may turn out to be his *Why We Fight* series, seven propaganda films made to be shown to American soldiers during World War II. The films compiled newsreels, enemy documentaries, foreign features, combat footage and Dimitri Tiomkin's music into dramatic contemporary histories. The purpose was to persuade Americans to go to war.

Thirty years later Frank Capra was 77 years old. He was touring the colleges and answering questions like "What was Jean Arthur really like?" But in this post-Vietnam interview Capra paused to consider the moral questions of film as warfare:

"If the soldiers didn't accept the Why We Fight films, then we were lost."

I'll tell you what we had to do. We had to convince the soldiers, the young punks. Now nobody is tougher to convince than young punks. Everything they see, they smell a sense of 'Well, they're trying to sell us a bill of goods.' This we knew at the very beginning. And we knew what we were up against if we didn't do a good job. If the soldiers didn't accept the *Why We Fight* films, then we were lost.

It seems to me that if you were merely making a film to change the ideas of a particular group of men, then the films would not last. But they obviously have. In fact I think that some of them are getting better. ***Battle of Russia*** *is an epic.*

We were dealing with the greatest heroes and the greatest villains. We were dealing with the greatest novel material that ever was. Across this world stage there were these great out-sized characters. A battle of the giants. When you say 'epic,' yes, we were dealing with epic-sized people and epic-sized events.

The epic in ***Battle of Russia*** *seems to be the enemy, Hitler, against the Heroes, the Russian people. You did not set up Stalin as a hero. You emphasized the Russian peasants, even their religion.*

We had a political problem with Russia on that film. The problem was that a hell of a lot of people on our side were not about to be sold a bill of goods by the Communists. We were their allies, but that was all. Communism was not something we desired. So we stayed away from politics and made it a people's battle. As a result **Battle of Russia** was one of the best episodes of the series and a true one.

That's a technique of propaganda, isn't it? It is easier to hate an individual than, say, all Japanese people.

In every case we never said to hate the people or blame the people. We blamed Hitler and his maniacal sense of Herrenvolk. We showed that Hitler had to lick the Germans first. The same way with the Japanese. The warlords shot all the liberal-minded people. The Germans had to do away with everything liberal in their country before they could venture off.

You mention in your book, The Name Above the Title, *that the first scripts you got for the series were from some unnamed Hollywood writers and that you could not use them because they were the Communist line. What was so different about them?*

There is a party line that you can smell.

The party line changes from time to time.

We smelled these guys. For instance, before Hitler and the Russians got together — the division of Poland — Hitler was a bum and Roosevelt was God. But as soon as they signed that agreement, then Roosevelt became the bum and Hitler was a pretty good guy, overnight.

So in those rejected scripts there was something about Roosevelt?

The same jargon. You can pick up any kind of jargon and instantly recognize what it is. 'The ruling circles.' They were against us as much as anybody else.

China was the hardest problem, wasn't it?

That was the toughest. We handled it *generally*. Generally Sun Yat Sen was their Lincoln. Generally their fight was liberalization against the dynasties. Generally we didn't go into the fight between the Communists and the warlords. As a matter of fact when we made **Battle of China** the Chinese were still all fighting the Japanese.

Earlier we were talking about honesty in films. You said that these were 'the most objective films ever made.' But over-simplification can be a form of dishon-

George Bailey is an Assistant Professor in the Department of Mass Communication at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. *He would like to acknowledge Professor Tom Bohn, whose dissertation on* Why We Fight *was of help in preparing for the above interview.*

A Note

There was a film made for the Vietnam War in the tradition of the *Why We Fight* series. In the fall of 1965, the Directorate for Armed Forces Education and Information produced a 34-minute documentary called **Why Vietnam.** Later a television version was released with a few minutes cut. There had also been films called **Why Korea** and **Why NATO**, the latter narrated by Edward R. Murrow. The **Why Vietnam** film mimics Capra's World War II series: the footage was compiled from newsreels, combat films and the rest. The narration is a lecture on the history and reasons for American involvement. The tone of the narration is at times dramatic or ironic or inspiring. The film was shown to every American soldier before he was sent over to Indochina. The television version probably received wide play. But the film was withdrawn from all circulation, even to classrooms, after Nixon took office in 1969. The reason might be that **Why Vietnam** contains much anti-Chinese rhetoric.

Remarkably, **Why Vietnam** begins its history with the classic footage of Hitler riding in a staff car from **Triumph of the Will**. There is other footage either from, or very close to, the *Why We Fight* films. Capra said that he had never known about **Why Korea, Why NATO,** or **Why Vietnam**. But the tradition was clearly there.

Frank Capra Meets John Grierson

At the time I had to make the documentaries I had never seen one. And I didn't know anybody who had ever made one. We in Hollywood had heard about documentaries. We thought they were a lot of kooks with long hair making these things. Why they should be fooling around with these little documentaries when they could make theatrical films, we didn't know. And suddenly I was faced with the making of a series of documentaries for the soldiers. I didn't know how to approach it. I had heard that the God of documentary filmmakers was in Washington. His name was Grierson. Everybody said, 'He's the man. He knows everything about documentaries.' So I made a point of trying to meet him. I had a big hassle just trying to get him to say hello, and I finally did meet him. And I said, 'Mr. Grierson, everybody tells me you know everything about documentaries. I've been given a job here. How the hell do you make documentaries?' And Grierson looked at me and said, 'Ha. Ha. Ha.' And he walked off.

— Frank Capra, from an interview by Dominique Noth for WMVS-TV, Milwaukee

esty. For example you set up a lot of dichotomies in the films. You have the free world against the slave, the religious world against the atheists, and civilization versus barbarism.

I think it was barbarism.

An oversimplification, though. Was Russia a free, religious country?

Well you understand these were our allies. We were fighting a common enemy at the time, not each other. Unless you get into that, you won't understand the simplifications. We weren't telling the political history of each country. We were all in battle fighting this combination of Hitler, Tojo and Mussolini.

So because of the war you had to simplify things.

Not simplify things; we had to *eliminate* things. It didn't matter to us whether the priests were having trouble in Russia. The immediate thing was the destruction of the war machine.

The average GI at that time was probably not very informed at all. He did not know what was going on in Russia.

The average GI of 18 years old, when they took him and put a uniform on him, was so uninformed. He had this free world — slave world as the only way you could reach that guy at that moment. You give him a lot of 'but-on-the-other-hand's' and you confuse him completely. This is it. The chips are down. It is us or them. It was that way. It was not a football game; it was *survival*. Unless you get the idea of survival, you won't understand the war.

Some critics said that when your films are bad, they are bad because they are merely an illustrated lecture. The narration is too heavy.

They are wordy because first of all you are dealing with several nations. But also you are dealing with the fact that **Triumph of the Will** is a goddam wonderful show. It's very easy for young people to say, 'I like that!' 'Here's the power and strength, and what's wrong with that?'

*The way you cut **Triumph of the Will** footage to make it just the opposite really proves once and for all that film is editing, that in the end that's where the strongest part of film is.*

Yes, yes. We took their own footage and tried to make it back-fire on them. I knew that if we manufactured something, shot some scenes, got some horrible looking guys to play the Nazis and got some good guys in white hats to play the Americans, then we would fail. That's why we stayed with *reality* as far as we could.

What I don't really understand is why Hollywood filmmakers were asked to make the series of documentaries when people like Pare Lorentz, Joris Ivens and Robert Flaherty were already working on government films.

It was General Marshall himself. He knew the Signal Corps operation. He had seen their films, and he didn't like them. He didn't think they were professional enough. They didn't carry the kind of sock he wanted.

He thought that documentaries in general were dry.

Dry stuff. And so he said, 'If I'm sick I go to a doctor. If I want a film made why don't I go to the guys who make films?'

Once you got the job it was natural for you to bring the people you knew personally from Hollywood, people you could trust. But there is almost a total absence of documentary filmmakers in your crew. You told that anecdote about John Grierson. (See box) Is that really true?

Sure it's true. I couldn't make that up. He was such a big shot, and he had contempt for Hollywood people entirely. And the fact that they were going to make such *holy* stuff as documentaries!

So what happened after you made the films. Grierson must have seen them. What did he think?

I never saw him again.

In your book you mention Flaherty once.

I had a great respect for Flaherty. I like his films. I liked him. He was getting to be an old man. I called him in one day and said, 'Don't you want to do something about the war?' It was quite late, maybe 1943. And Flaherty said, 'Yes, Frank, I would very much.'

'Well pick your subject. I'll help you, give you crews, everything. What would you like to do?'

'I want to do something about how the war affects the people in the little villages.'

'Okay,' I said. 'I'll give you carte blanche. Where are you going to go?'

'I'd like to go to Louisiana.'

*So he already had the idea for **Louisiana Story**.*

He didn't want any part of war; he was a softer man. I knew what he wanted. He wanted to film some people.

The same film he always did.

The same damn film. And I gave him the full opportunity. Well, what happened was there were uniforms all around him, people asking him in the morning what to do and all that. And I finally got calls from the crew down there. 'Mr. Capra, we are not doing anything. We're just sitting here.'

"I think Vietnam has made war much tougher to put across."

Which is apparently the way he made all his films.

Yes. I remember calling him on the telephone. 'How are you doing?'

'Well, Frank, I don't know.'

Actually he hadn't found a new subject he wanted to do yet. He was just fooling around and had a big crew waiting.

He was just not suited to working under any pressure or organization.

No he wasn't. Wrong era for him. A gentle man. So we called it off.*

What about Joris Ivens?

I did not know Ivens except by name.

Pare Lorentz?

I saw Pare Lorentz in New York, and I said, 'Why aren't you part of this thing (the war effort)?' I gave him the opportunity to join us. He didn't want any part of working with anybody from Hollywood. I wasn't going to apologize for my gang from Hollywood. I thought they were pretty good. See, I don't like the position of these long-haired kooks who say, 'Hollywood, you smell.'

Well Lorentz had been burned a couple

*Both Arthur Calder-Marshall in *The Innocent Eye* (Penguin, 1970) and Richard Griffith in *The World of Robert Flaherty* (Greenwood, 1970) report that Flaherty shot "newsreels" for Capra. They make no mention of Flaherty going to Louisiana during the war. Both imply that the idea for **Louisiana Story** came after Flaherty was commissioned by Standard Oil. Frances Flaherty in her book *Odyssey of a Filmmaker* (Arno, 1972), reports that Flaherty, after being commissioned, insisted on a three-month survey of the company's locations to find a topic. But, she reports, they headed first for Baton Rouge. After a tour of the Southwest they returned to Louisiana and then submitted his outline script to the sponsor.

of times.

Yes. Lorentz is a peculiar guy. He's always hurt. He made that one movie and I guess they didn't put his picture on money for that.

You recently made it clear that if you had to do a film about Vietnam, you would make a film called ***Why We Should Not Fight****. (See box) Why didn't you make that film?*

I had no opportunity, really. And I wasn't about to sabotage the government.

Even though you thought the government was doing the wrong thing in this case?

Not that they were all wrong. I just remember General Marshall coming back and saying, 'If we ever land one soldier in Asia, we'll regret it for ever and ever.' And it is proving right. We sent a few and then a few more and a few more, right down into the quicksand.

I have a feeling that nothing happens except it has some meaning. Events have their own meaning. I think Somebody's really looking out for us. But I think, Vietnam has made war much tougher to put across.

Do you mean harder to get someone to believe in, to participate in?

Yes.

How do you explain Hollywood? The only real Hollywood film about the Vietnam war, the combat at least, was ***The Green Berets****. But in World War II there were films even before the war. There were films about Korea.*

They didn't know what to say about it. Everybody was confused.

Even in the early days? In 1964 there was little confusion.

You have to understand that everybody's hero, Jack Kennedy, started this thing. And Kennedy things can't be all bad. We didn't think we knew everything about it. We heard four presidents saying the same thing, four different kinds of president, all saying that we had a mission over there.

If they were all saying the same thing, then why couldn't you make a pro-war film in Hollywood?

Because *nobody was believing them.* We would say, 'Okay, I guess you are right. You know more than we do.' But there was nobody so involved that he would say, 'We have to go over there and knock off these Vietnamese.' I didn't know a Vietnamese if he came up and bit me. There was no such thing as the Herrenvolk idea. Poor little bastards there. Everybody was confused. They still are.

Did you see ***The Green Berets****?*

No.

It was really a lousy movie.

I am quite sure it would be a lousy movie.

END

Frank Capra the Pacifist

I made the *Why We Fight* series because I was perfectly agreed that we had to stop Hitler from overrunning the world with his military might and doing away with the democratic form of government. But when I got finished with World War II, I was so tired of war that I thought it was the silliest, most stupid, most archaic form of human endeavor that was ever invented. Just war itself. And I thought there must be better ways to settle things than to bomb women and children. I saw so many kids get killed, so many women screaming in the streets, so many floating bodies in the water. So I came out a pacifist against all war, not just Vietnam, all kinds of war. So I could not possibly make another program like *Why We Fight*. I probably would make something like *Why We Should Not Fight*. So I just stayed out of that.

— Frank Capra, from an interview by Dominique Noth for WMVS-TV, Milwaukee

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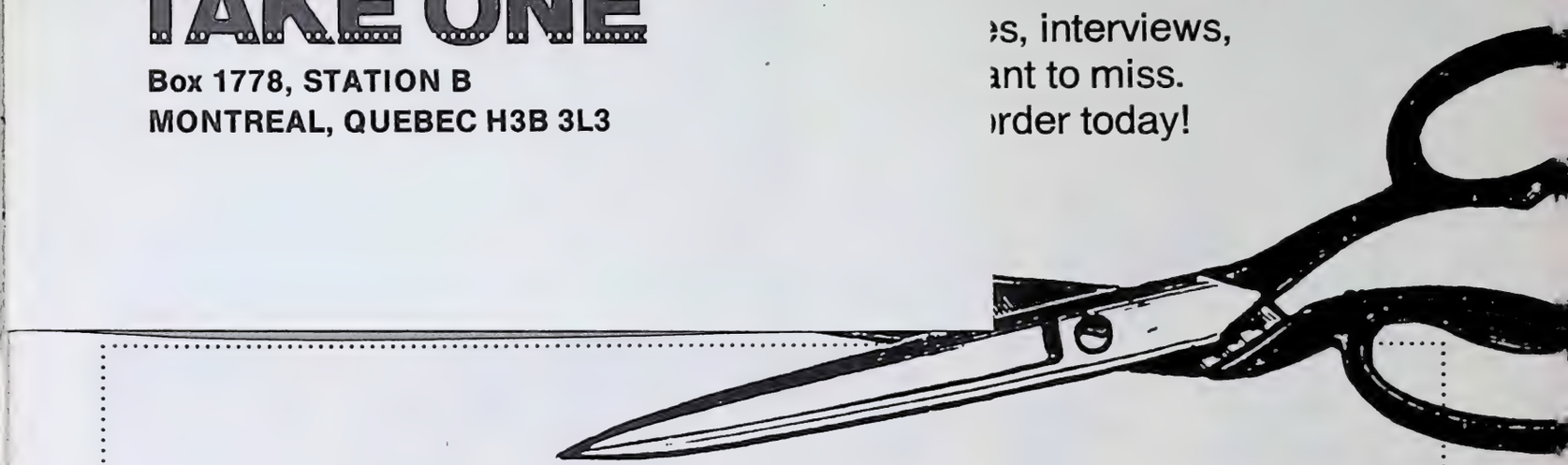

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Even though you thought the government was doing the wrong thing in this case?

Not that they were all wrong. I just re-

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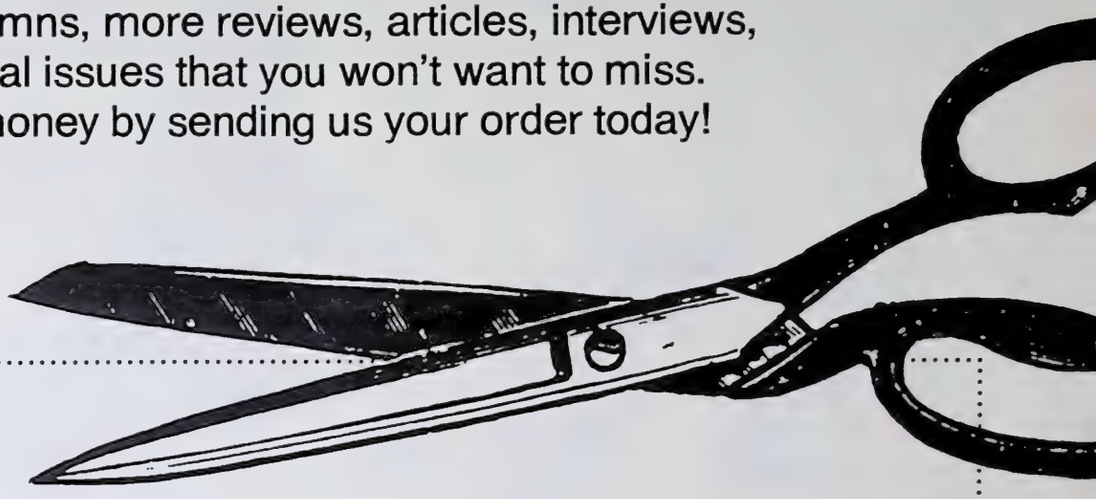

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Toyland Casino, 1938. Author is soldier above.

MOTHER AND ME AND THE KIDDIE BUSINESS

by Patricia R. Hickerson

I sat before the mirror looking at those strange little mounds called breasts. They matched the sexual itch that had begun to disturb me during the past year, along with the hair sprouting under my arms. Mother had already taught me how to shave carefully. This cosmetic technique was deemed necessary when I raised my arms during a ballet lesson and revealed tiny twin bushes. Still, I had no inkling that my thriving four-year career in the kiddie business might be coming to an end.

I was ten years old.

Looking backward, I could survey an entire field of personal professional glories. Like lush, exotic plants were the Warner Brothers' kiddie shorts I had appeared in with other dancers from Michael Bell's Dance Studio.

The first of these shorts, **Backyard Broadcast**, had been made three years before in 1936 at the old Vitagraph Studio in Flatbush. Seeing the 15-minute finished product at the Eureka Theater in Hackensack, New Jersey — with my own dancing going by so fast I almost missed myself — I found it hard to believe that the hours of misery that went into its filming (with an aftermath of vomiting, fever, and delirium) could have produced such a brief moment of recognition.

Sick to my stomach all that long afternoon, I had forced myself to smile (before the array of movie cameras, kleig lights, director, technicians, and mothers) for the ensemble number with eleven other little tap dancers. Even the smell of make-up which covered a good portion of my body was nauseating.

Shirley Temple was six months younger than I. Not that I resembled her in any way except for being short for my age. I had no dimples, so I tried to create them by pressing my fingers into my cheeks. My hair was brown and straight, although permanents and metal curlers at night took care of that.

But there was a little girl in our studio who was almost a dead ringer for Shirley. Her name was Janet Kimball and she was the star of the 300 young dancers at Mike Bell's. Janet sang Shirley's songs — "On the Good Ship Lollipop", "Animal Crackers in My Soup" — her voice sometimes screeching as she tried to go high and loud at the same time. She tap danced, she did acrobatics, she toe danced, but always solo; she *never* danced ensemble. She had a mother who would not let her eat potatoes because Janet had to keep her weight down.

I was the skinny second lead in this bustling, agitated enterprise.

Mother and I used to rush to dancing lessons two afternoons a week right after school. Darting along the street, short and tall, black valise swinging, we boarded the bus that took us down Main Street to the dancing studio. A sense of excitement carried us to the front of the building where we stopped first at a candy store for a large sugary homemade confection, then climbed upstairs to the second floor which was occupied entirely by Mike Bell's school.

In the dressing room, Mother's nimble fingers were icy as she helped me out of my school dress and into my black patent tap shoes and rompers. These were pale green and white, decorated on the chest with the outline of a bell and within that an **M**.

The idea of a uniform did not horrify us in those days. We were proud of our Michael Bell rompers; they distinguished us from those unlucky kids who did not take dancing lessons or worse, who studied at another studio. Besides, we had numerous opportunities for wearing elaborate costumes.

In **Backyard Broadcast**, for instance, we wore abbreviated red velvet and sequinned net costumes with red velvet and gold trimmed coolie hats, bound under our chins, all specially fitted for us at Madame Berthe's in Manhattan. But even the elegance of this first movie costume could not make me forget my rebellious stomach.

Joe Henabery, the most patient of movie directors, had us do the scene again. It seemed as though we had already done it hundreds of times. We were to SMILE. I fastened yet another smile on my puss and hung onto it grimly through

the three-minute dance routine whose steps I knew so well that I didn't even have to think about them. Indeed, if I *had* stopped to think about what my feet were automatically doing, I would have stopped dead in my tracks.

From the group of mothers seated beyond the director, Mother threw encouraging smiles and nods to me. Mr. Henabery's long, Lincolnesque face (he had played this character in **The Birth of a Nation**) broke into a grin as we completed the final successful take. I ran forward to Mother and told her about my stomach ache. Sympathy and analysis were instant.

"I'm so sorry, darling. It must have been the pudding you had in the cafeteria. We're going right home as soon as you change. We won't even take off the makeup."

On the long car trip home, I felt the grinding load in my stomach lighten as we approached the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge and I straightened up.

"Feeling better, honey?" Mother asked brightly.

I responded with a torrent of vomit over the new silk dress she had worn for the occasion, and over the seat and floor of the car. We stopped and the door was quickly opened. I vomited out, staring down at the metal traceries of the bridge.

All night, I vomited into the wastebasket placed strategically by my bed, dreaming over and over of the movie day just passed. In the morning I was weak, but recovered, and Mother bathed off my makeup in a warm tub.

"That was no five-year-old. That was a dwarf!"

In between making kiddie shorts, we danced at all kinds of events — wherever we were asked. We danced at Saturday morning kiddie shows in local theaters such as the Fox or Oritani in downtown Hackensack and at Elks' and Lions' meetings.

I always danced at the shows and special events in schools I attended. I loved being a celebrity but my proud flag was sometimes knocked askew by those who frowned on the kiddie business. This happened while I was in third grade at Fairmount School in Hackensack.

During an "Amateur Hour" I gave out with one of Shirley's hits from **Captain January** followed by three minutes of rapid-fire tapping. Looking out at the audience of teachers and pupils, I saw my teacher from the year before, a formidable old-timer who wore the same long-sleeved wool dress of indeterminate hue year after year. While she believed children should be seen and not heard unless specifically called upon, she had given us many beautiful hours reading aloud from *Black Beauty* and *The Blue Fairy Book*. Her face was stony as I gestured and rolled my eyes...

"Come along and follow me, to the bottom of the sea, we'll join in the Jamboree, at the Codfish Ball!"

In my eight-year-old heart, I knew she found me cheap and silly.

The annual dance recitals were held in a high school auditorium. Mothers and children used the enormous gym floor behind the stage for dressing. Boards were set up on trestles to accommodate our valises and shoes and costumes and makeup. Mothers staked out a spot for themselves and their children where costumes were changed, curls combed, makeup refurbished. Sometimes all this had to be done in three or four minutes, mothers grabbing their children as they

Starlets, 1937. Author is sailor on the right.

exited from one number, working on them with mute and dedicated fury while another number was in progress onstage, and returning them to the wings to go onstage for the following number. Often a performance of particular note would find a crowd of mothers and pupils watching from the wings.

One of the first to catch my fancy was an acrobatic routine by Janet Kimball. As the curtain opened to the strains of "Sleepyhead", Janet was seen curled up asleep in a billow of red flannel nightgown. She uncurled, yawned, stretched deliciously, and began to sing —

"Sle-e-epyhead, Sle-e-epyhead, open your eyes — "

At the end of the song, she leaped up, doffing her nightgown to reveal an improbable leopardskin diaper fastened with an enormous safety pin, and executed an astounding sequence of rubbery but controlled body tricks including back-bends, inverted spider walks, frontovers, walkovers, and a final audacious forward flip in the air.

Mother frequently noted that Janet's forte was acrobatics. The implication here was that ballet and tap dancing could safely be left to others; Janet didn't have to hog the *whole* thing. We kids loved to watch Janet and loved her for her gracious, smiling self even though she was kept apart from us. But the mothers offered all kinds of suggestions among themselves as to how Mrs. Kimball won favors for Janet. Mrs. Kimball and Mike Bell were always in a corner before class, he listening and she murmuring animatedly. She had his ear, as Mother put it. As for me, I marvelled at the number of things she could invent to pour into this ear which I came to think of as a disembodied receptacle.

Mike Bell was a short, slender, soft-spoken man with olive skin and silver hair. He had danced with Jack Donahue on Broadway during the 20s and had played baseball once upon a time in California. Beyond that and the fact that he was an extraordinarily able teacher, we knew nothing about him.

Personally I never felt that I was slighted on Janet's account. I was concentrating too hard on my own work to give it a thought. Exploited? Perhaps. But I still feel I was more fortunate than most other little girls of the 30s. Pushing toward excellence and distinction from early childhood gave me a sense of destiny shared by few women of my generation. Besides that, I really loved to dance.

I had roll-up hardwood tap boards at home and I practiced on them every day. I often leaped up from the supper table, set up the two boards end to end in the living room, and practiced on my own. I always performed for company. I was ready to dance and Mother to play for me at the drop of a hat. Mother left no stone unturned in making a successful kiddie of me. A case in point:

Madame Tarasov, our ballet teacher, had taught us a ballet based on Delibes' "Doll Dance". At home I continued to practice this dance even though several weeks went by before Madame Tarasov asked us to perform it for her again. I was the only one who knew it, and so I was awarded the dance as a solo in the coming recital. Mother's satisfaction was intense.

"I knew that would happen," she kept saying. "I just had a feeling she would give the solo to the one who knew it. And I knew those other girls would eventually stop rehearsing it at home."

The high point of my career in recitals was my duet with Mike Bell himself. We performed a long, complicated softshoe to melodies from *Il Trovatore*, including the "Anvil Chorus", and it involved many changes in rhythm. I wore a simple white dress and Mike Bell a dark business suit. We performed together several times and occasionally he would shock me by forgetting a step. He would fake it and, with a little smile, watch my feet to correct his error.

Of course he carried literally hundreds of routines of his own creation in his mind and was constantly having to think up new steps and combinations of steps. In comparison to the routines where I flung myself about, mugged, rolled my eyes, and sang at the top of my lungs, the *Il Trovatore* was more than just a routine — it was a fine dignified work.

"C'mon, Mary!"

I shouted these words as loud as I could, standing by a lattice-work garden gate on the movie set. My shout was the signal for a gang of kiddies poised in front of the set to rush onto it, past me through the gate, and into the "backyard". But I wasn't loud enough for Joe Henabery. Several takes were made before my shout suited him and before the gang of kiddies had rushed into camera range with the proper enthusiasm.

Mary Carter and I had a duet in this movie, entitled **Starlets**. We were dressed as sailors. Little Benny had a much longer speaking part than I. He was supposed to be a carny barker in outsized, shabby morning coat and battered top hat. His speech was long and inflated. We learned through the mothers' grapevine that Benny's parents had had him up till three a.m. the night before for a party celebrating his movie role. We did about twenty takes, but Benny kept getting his speech more and more garbled. How much footage, if any, Benny actually ended up with, I'm not sure.

Making movies sometimes presented hazards to one's dignity. For the toy soldier dance in **Toyland Casino**, Mike Bell had a set of stairs built for us at one end of his studio. I hated these with a passion and expected to break my neck falling down them at any moment. This is a clue to my limitations as a dancer. Joyous abandon was not in my makeup and so I could not communicate it to the audience. I was a thinking dancer; every step was perfectly executed. Taps were clear as a bell. I was loose and limber, too, but I covered very little space during a dance; I was not "showy" enough.

Another threat to my dignity occurred during the filming of **Toyland Casino**. No one thought anything about a little four- or five-year-old boy using the ladies' room at Vitagraph. But one day, as I was using a booth, one of these little boys, a wizened and curiously muscular acrobat, suddenly peered up at me from under the partition separating him from me. I let out a shriek and Mother, always alert to this kind of danger, marched into his booth and yanked him out of it with a torrent of angry words.

Later she exclaimed, "That was no five-year-old. That was a dwarf!"

When Warner Brothers sent out another audition call, we considered the tryout to be little more than a technicality since every year Mike Bell's best dancers were selected for the new short. Baby-faced and small for my age, I was confident of being chosen.

We lined up in front of Joe Henabery and danced. Later we were told the results. I was not selected. I stared down at the rounded breasts pressing against my child's colorful thigh-length percale dress. They were obtrusive, no mistake about it. Mother hugged me silently.

At the age of ten,
I was over the hill.

END

Canned Ham

Blow the lid off your laugh button with our thin tins! Our films pack more fun per ounce than the law allows. Serve them deviled, spicy or sugar-cured . . . However you slice it, each one's a prime rib tickler. For gourmet guffaws, one's a treat. But two are mmm better!

THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMEDY
Laurel and Hardy, Will Rogers, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, Charlie Chase, et al. make the twenties roar again. Produced by Robert Youngson.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS
Mel Brooks gives the old borsch a belt. Directed and written by Mel Brooks. With Ron Moody, Dom DeLuise and Frank Langella.

I LOVE YOU ALICE B. TOKLAS
Peter Sellers pollinates among the flower children. Directed by Hy Averback. With Jo Van Fleet. and Leigh Taylor-Young

MAKE MINE MINK
Terry Thomas helps little ol' ladies steal little ol' furs for charity. Directed by Robert Asher. With Athene Seyler, Hattie Jacques and Billie Whitelaw.

QUACKSER FORTUNE HAS A COUSIN IN THE BRONX
Gene Wilder loses girl, wins bus company. Directed by Waris Hussein. With Margot Kidder.

PLAYTIME
Jacques Tati and a cast of thousands explore the future imperfect. Directed by Jacques Tati. With Barbara Dennek, Georges Montant and John Abbey.

Contemporary/McGraw-Hill Films
Rate us "E" for Entertainment.

For booking information and free catalog, call or write:

Amy Hustedt
Princeton Road
Hightstown, New Jersey 08520
(609) 448-1700

Ruth Daniel
828 Custer Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60202
(312) 869-5010

Robert Magoffin
425 Battery Street
San Francisco, California 94111
(415) 362-3115

U.S. Distribution Only

SO YOU WANNA BE A STAR

by David Batterson

If you can't dazzle them with brilliance,
baffle them with bullshit.

So you've decided to leave East Sump Pump, Nebraska, and head for Hollywood because your friends say you're twice the actor Clint Eastwood is. That may be, but it's a long shot you'll get the chance to prove it. If you're determined to try anyway, the following information, based on personal experience, might be of some use.

David Batterson is a freelance writer, song lyricist, former filmmaker and aspiring actor, presently trying to interest a major network in a gay situation comedy.

ARRIVING IN HOLLYWOOD

The first thing you will need is an inexpensive place to live, since you will not be making any money as an actor for many months. Preferably, your apartment should be located in the Hollywood-North Hollywood-West Hollywood area since this is where the film production companies, advertising agencies, agents, casting directors and some studios are located. Others are reasonably close, in Studio City, Burbank, Beverly Hills and Universal City. Clean, livable apartments are still available in the $100 range for a single, $125-35 for a one-bedroom, if you don't mind a few roaches (the non-smoking kind). You will also need an answering service. Actor Dial offers a 24-hour, Monday-Saturday answering and message service for $10.50 a month.

PART-TIME JOBS

Most beginning actors will have to work at some other job to support themselves initially. This can be waiting on tables (show biz restaurants are best: Chasen's, The Bantam Cock, The Brown Derby, etc.), work-

[Author's note: While the following is intended to be useful advice, the writer assumes no responsibility for any information given. All names, addresses and phone numbers are subject to change at any moment!]

ing for an answering service, typing, parking cars, gardening, and so forth. If you are a competent photographer you can make a few bucks taking casting photos for other actors who cannot afford the high price studios (more on photos later). Employers Overload offers temporary employment positions and there are no fees to the employee. It is a regular advertiser in *Daily Variety*.

ACTING SCHOOLS

Casting directors and agents aren't particularly impressed by school credits or college play productions. They simply want professionals, not amateurs. Having attended the best acting academy in the world won't get you past a receptionist, if that's all you have to offer. However, going to an acting workshop is a good idea. It keeps you in practice, and casting directors sometimes call these schools/workshops looking for "types." I wouldn't go out on a limb and recommend any profit-making workshop. However, low-cost workshops and acting classes are offered by Hollywood High Community Adult School, Los Angeles City College, and by Sherwood Oaks Experimental College.

EXPERIENCE

It's a vicious circle, as in any profession. You can't get work without experience, and you can't get that experience without work. So what do you put on your resumé if you have little or no acting background? Lies. Yes, you lie. Just enough to look impressive but don't go overboard and list credits in major films. Invent commercials you did in your local market, local plays and even imaginary films ("Sons of Hell's Angels" or "The Wichita Gang"). Don't worry — they won't check up; they're too busy. If they happen to, just say they were "not released." Have your story ready beforehand. Good advice to follow: "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit." Let's face it, the film biz is still a big con game and you'd better know how to play the game. If you can't, you're no actor to begin with. "The Sting" happens every day in Hollywood.

What do you put on your resumé if you have little or no acting background? Lies.

AGENTS

It's best to get an agent before looking for those elusive acting gigs. But agents don't want to represent you unless you have a good track record. Most will say: "Send your composite and resumé, we'll call you." Well, they rarely do, so keep bugging them. Screen Actors Guild (SAG) and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) both publish lists of authorized agents. If agents are not on these lists, be careful. They're probably rip-offs. If in doubt, call SAG or AFTRA. Sometimes an agent will cover for you, even if it doesn't sign you to a contract. In other words, you tell Ms. Snodgrass, casting director for XYZ Films that you are with the Zilch Agency. If she wants you and calls Zilch, they will say you are signed with them. Why? Because they want that 10% commission, and *then* they will sign you. Beware of one thing. If an agent says you'll have to get photos made by a photographer they recommend, watch it. The agent probably splits the photographer's fee, and the photos are over-priced.

PHOTOS

Photos are an absolute must. If you can't afford them, beg, borrow or steal the money. Don't *ever* go to a casting call without photos — you'll be wasting your time and theirs. Some photo studios prey on the new actor, so shop around. Price and quality vary greatly. Ask other actors where they got theirs done. Also check with freelancers; they can save you money by just shooting the film and giving you the negatives. You will need at least 200 composites (three to five poses on an 8x10 glossy print) to start with. Photo labs such as Duplicate Photo can do the layout for you, working from individual 8x10 photos, and copies are relatively inexpensive: $28 for 200 prints, plus copy negative cost. Studio photographers charge in the range of $50 to $250, and they keep the negatives. Caveat emptor!

RESUMES

Resumés should be brief enough to scan quickly. They should include basic information like name, address, phone, physical description and credits (plays, TV, films, commercials). Cheap copies can be made at quick-print shops (Postal Instant Press, Sir Speedy) for about $4 per 100 copies.

GUILDS

It is difficult to get into SAG or AFTRA. So many actors are out of work that they don't want any more members. But you *have* to get in, or you don't work in television or major feature films. So, you must make a casting director want you enough to sign you to a contract. Then you'll have to join SAG (for films) or AFTRA (video-tape) before your next job.

TACTICS

You've now got your composites and resumés, you have an agent covering for you, and you're now scouring the trades (*Hollywood Reporter* and *Daily Variety*). You're ready to work. Well, the hard part now begins. Hopefully you haven't had to sell your car yet. In any case, be prepared to wear out your shoes while making the rounds. Hand-carry composites and resumés rather than mailing them. Even if you don't get past a receptionist (some of the coldest bitches around), they at least see a live body instead of a dead envelope. Always ask if you can talk with someone (and know who that someone is before you arrive). Be pushy, but not obnoxious. And pour on the charm.

Cut out the lists of TV and motion picture production companies from the trades. They tell what films and TV shows are in production and those in planning stages. Casting for most films these days is done by independent casting directors (see list). They have the power over small-time actors. (When you're big, the producer calls you.) If a casting director won't see you, send your composite/resumé with your agent's name on both. Bug your agent into setting up an interview; make him work for that 10%.

Knowing someone is a big help, even if it's only a secretary, assistant film editor, mail clerk or janitor. At least they can get you through studio gates, and they might introduce you around.

Some of the best acting you will ever do occurs before ever seeing a sound stage. It's the acting that gets you a part. Remember that.

COMMERCIALS

Some actors won't do commercials; others do nothing but. It has been many a new actor's springboard, and salvation for older actors who had been put out to pasture. If you get the chance, do them. The money's good, the exposure fantastic. Commercial casting directors are more receptive to new talent, too. These casting directors work almost exclusively through agents; they will not interview you directly. Agents send their books of 8x10 photos to ad agencies and film production houses and leave the choosing to the C.D.

Don't let anyone tell you "It isn't acting" to appear in commercials. More time, care and talent go into a 30-second TV spot than many cheapo feature films.

FLAKY PRODUCERS

Finally a word about unscrupulous producers who take advantage of greenhorn actors. If a production company is not well-known, check it out with SAG, AFTRA, the Directors Guild, the Producer's Guild, and the Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers. *Never* (repeat, never) work on a verbal agreement, only by written contract. Believe me, you can get burned. Verbal promises made in Hollywood amount to hot air, and nothing more.

DON'T GIVE UP

To become an actor, you must want it more than anything else — more than sex, job security, an active social life, a stable lifestyle or mom's apple pie. Good luck — you'll need it.

LIST OF MAJOR STUDIOS

The Burbank Studios
(Warner Bros., Columbia and independents)
4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank
843-6000, 843-7280
CBS Studio Center
(CBS and independents)
4024 Radford Ave., Studio City
763-8411
Walt Disney Productions
500 S. Buena Vista, Burbank
849-3411
Universal Studios
100 Universal City Plaza
Universal City
985-4321
Paramount Pictures, Inc.
5451 Marathon St.
463-0100
20th Century-Fox
10201 W. Pico Blvd.
277-2211
MGM
10202 W. Washington Blvd.,
Culver City
836-3000
Culver City Studios
9336 W. Washington Blvd.,
Culver City
871-0360
Samuel Goldwyn Studios
1041 N. Formosa
851-1234
ABC-TV
4151 Prospect Ave.
663-3311
CBS Television City
7800 Beverly Blvd.
651-2345
NBC-TV
3000 Alameda, Burbank
845-7000

GUILDS AND OTHER IMPORTANT INFO

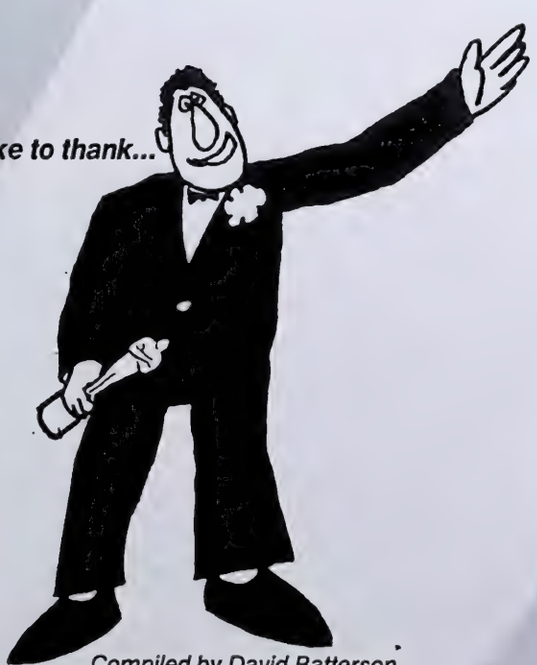
SAG
7750 W. Sunset Blvd.
876-3030
AFTRA
1717 N. Highland Ave.
461-8111
Directors Guild
7950 W. Sunset Blvd.
656-1220
Producer's Guild
8201 Beverly Blvd.
651-0084
Assn. of Motion Picture and TV Producers
8480 Beverly Blvd.
653-2200
Actor Dial Telephone Answering & Message Service
5466 Santa Monica Blvd.
464-5161
Employers Overload
1737 N. Ivar
464-4191
Duplicate Photo Laboratories
1522 N. Highland Ave.
466-7544
Hollywood High Community Adult School
1521 N. Highland Ave.
467-6191
Los Angeles City College
855 N. Vermont
663-9141
Sherwood Oaks Experimental College
6353 Hollywood Blvd.
462-0669

INDEPENDENT CASTING COMPANIES

Maxine Anderson
9172 Sunset Blvd.
274-9927
John F. Baur Assoc.
10201 W. Pico Blvd.
277-2211
Hoyt Bowers Assoc.
464-0101
Ross Brown Casting
7319 Beverly Blvd., #10
938-2575
Eddie Foy Assoc.
1040 N. Las Palmas
466-5257
Marvin Paige Casting
8721 Sunset Blvd., #203
659-3040
Roos, Fenton & Assoc.
10202 W. Washington Blvd.,
Culver City
836-3000
Gary Shaffer
10202 W. Washington Blvd.,
Culver City
836-8101
Lynn Stalmaster & Assoc.
7466 Beverly Blvd.
938-6148

(addresses are Los Angeles, unless otherwise noted)

and I'd ALSO like to thank...



Compiled by David Batterson

A World Première Night in Hollywood

A HOLLYWOOD SURVIVAL HANDBOOK

by Paul McCollough

Personally, I think that if anybody entertains serious thoughts of investigating Hollywood as an alternative to their present condition, the first activity that person should pursue is alternate hot and cold showers for a few weeks. Not only will you be as clean as the all-American dream forthwith, but you will also, by breaking the world's record for alternate hot and cold showers, probably wind up in the *Guinness Book of Records,* and that will get you famous a lot quicker than going to Hollywood. But that's my bias and I wanted you to know that right from the beginning. ☛

Before we begin the illumination of our Survival Program, I'd first like to tell you a little story, so gather around the old rocking chair, kick off your shoes and listen, while I tell you the fable of "The Dead Man on the Beach at Santa Monica."

Let's face it, the film biz is still a big con game and you'd better know how to play the game.

Granpa cleared his throat and spoke softly. "Well, once upon a time, back when I was a boy ... yes, children, I was young once just like you are now. About 23, well, I got the call."

"Was that the call of nature, Granpa?" giggled Little Julius.

"No, heh, heh, Little Julius. This was a different call. All at once it began one day, a mysterious, low-pitched rumble that nobody could hear but me. For months I tried to ignore it, but the rumble changed into a whine, then after a while it clearly spoke to me."

"Was this when you lived in Pittsburgh?" enquired Little Lynnie.

"What'd it say, Granpa?" asked Little Marian, who wanted to be a key grip.

"Yes, it was, and it said ... Hoollllllliee, wooood. Da ... da ... da ... da ... da ... dum. Hoollllllllie, wooood."

"Dadadadadadum?" quizzed Little Larry, the fish boy and Little Julius' big brother.

"That's right. Well, soon the noise kept getting louder and louder and I couldn't sleep at night. I went to a doctor and he sent me to his brother who was a dentist. And the dentist said, 'Ah, yes, it's your bridge work, picking up a radio station.' So I had my bridge work replaced, but the noise wouldn't cease.

The words grew from a whisper into a pounding, throbbing in my skull, day and night, night and day."

"Why didn't you go to a psychiatrist, Granpa?" asked Little Sammie, who ate sassafras candy while he talked.

"I thought they'd think I was crazy, and put me away. And I knew damn well that the noise was just going to get louder no matter what I did ... so that's when I decided to heed the plea ... quit my job, leave my friends and family and head west.

So I bought a brand-new suit, and paid nearly two hundred dollars for it. I know that doesn't seem like much now, but back in those days that was a lot of money. I brought a cassette tape-player and some blank tapes to record all my conversations with the big shots I was going to meet. And my properties ... all four of them."

Here Granpa hesitated, tapped his pipe on the side of the ashtray, shoved a pinch of tobacco into the bowl and relit it, puffed up a cloud of rich, aromatic smoke, and chuckled.

"Yes, those precious scripts of mine. I was determined to take those ugling ducklings into every studio until I got them all produced. I'd sweated blood ... oh, I'm sorry, Little Marian, I forgot how you hate violence ... I'd sweated, ah, sweat over those darn things, and I thought they were good. As it turned out, they were good, but they weren't ... right for the ... market. But that's getting ahead of the story.

So, your Granpa flew across the country to the land of his impulses. Curiously enough, as I got closer and closer to Hollywood, the noise in my head drained away, and as the Jumbo Jet touched down at LA International Airport, the chant that had been with me for so long became completely silent.

The jet taxied to the terminal and my stomach jumped. I could see across the way to another hangar, tracer bullets zinging through the night. I found out later that the FBI had tracked the Alphabet Bomber to the food services section, and that what I had witnessed was the last-gasp escape attempt of the Bomber and his wife. All the pilot said was 'Welcome to Los Angeles.'"

"Hurry up with your story, Granpa. There's a Speedball game on in five minutes," said impatient Little Neddie, who wanted to be a male nurse.

"Well, to make a long story short, I checked into my hotel and after a good night's sleep, despite jet lag, I arose, rented a car and drove straight to the ocean. The first thing I wanted to see, even ahead of Sunset Strip, was the Pacific Ocean. After I parked the car alongside Highway One, I scuffed through the sand toward the shoreline.

The view was ... spectacular. The Pacific seemed so much bigger than the Atlantic ... maybe because there was no Statue of Liberty out on the water.

But as I passed by one of the lifeguard towers, I glanced down and saw him ... a dead man, stretched out, face down in the sand. At least I thought he was dead because he didn't move a muscle for several minutes. I looked around and no one else seemed to mind that he was there. So I walked further down the shore.

When I came back, I passed by the tower again, and he was still there, still in that grotesque position. So I guess he was really dead.

Now, kids, the point is this. You all want to go to Hollywood and work in the movie business."

Little Neddie interrupted, "I don't wanna go to Hollywood, I wanna go to the University of Pittsburgh and be a male nurse."

"Okay, Little Neddie, that's fine. Most of you then, want to go to Hollywood. But are you really suited for the life out there?"

"How can we tell?" said

Paul McCollough (author of "A Pittsburgh Horror Story", Vol. 4 No. 6) was cinematographer for ***The Liberation of Cherry Jankowski*** *(he resigned after, during the premiere of the above film, suffering a "severe attack of the dry heaves"). More recently, he worked on a series of children's films, wrote and edited films for the Smithsonian, and won Best-Documentary award at the Sinking Creek Film Celebration for his* ***Home Movies.***

three or four of the children at once.

"Just ask yourself, what would you do if you saw a dead man on the beach at Santa Monica, and nobody else seemed to care?"

"I'd call the police," yelled Little Julius.

"Perhaps," said Granpa.

"I'd run away and not say anything," said Little Marian.

"Yes, that might work," said Granpa.

"I'd take his picture, then call the cops," said Little Larry.

"That's a good answer," said Granpa.

Then Little Althea, who wanted to write for children's programs, spoke up after sitting silent in the corner all day, "I'd just take his picture, and run away and forget about it."

Granpa drew on his pipe and smiled. "Isn't it about time for that Speedball game?"

"Yippie," said Little Neddie, and he ran out of the room in front of all the others.

Quiz:

1. With whom do you identify in this story?

2. What would *you* have done if you had seen the dead man?

3. Have you ever heard that rumble?

4. Where is a good city to go to if you want to be a male nurse?

Now, the preceeding story was fiction based on fact, which is directly opposite to what you will find in Hollywood, a town which is fact based on fiction, which brings us to our first and possibly most important lesson about Hollywood: "Everything is exactly what it seems to be if you only have eyes to see, on alternate days of the week." Remember this saying and you will do well.

But on to business, the business of "Surviving in Hollywood."

To make things simple, our program will be divided into two parts: 1. What to do before you go, and 2. What to do once you're there.

We suggest that you rip this article completely out of the magazine and scotch-tape it either to the inside of your refrigerator or next to your antidote chart in the medicine cabinet. That way you can daily commit to memory this hallowed information, destroy the article and run no risk of being arrested for having Glitter City secrets in your possession.

For you see, what you next read has been handed down for generations to selected individuals only, who are kept alive by drinking tea made from nine leaves of the tanna plant.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE YOU GO TO HOLLYWOOD:

1. Journeying to Hollywood is as much a holy pilgrimage as is available here on the North American continent. Therefore, in the manner of all good pilgrims, one should first examine what is to be gained from traveling to this strange place, where visions are commonplace.

You have considered this step for some time now.

You can no longer resist.

Ask yourself now, what do you expect to find on the other side? Make up a list. Draw a picture of what you think Sunset Strip will look like. Lay these aside.

2. Once you've projected your hopes and fears out to Hollywood, bring it all back and internalize. What are your reasons for leaving your home town? What exactly do you leave behind? Friends, family, the security of a steady job? Do you expect to find fame, fortune easy men/women for funtime under the sun in California unavailable at home? Are you serious about this filmmaking business, or is the film medium too much of a chimera to be worth wasting your time on? If you cut yourself off from what you are into at home, are you prepared to never look back, to never go home again, and all that Thomas Wolfe stuff?

3. Buy some 4x5 notecards. List your qualifications, one special talent that you have to a card. Place all the cards in a hat. Set the hat on fire until all the cards are burned to a crisp. This is to demonstrate for you that no matter how many talents you think you have, a hot shot burns out quickly in Hollywood where everybody can do what you do just as well or better ... usually.

4. Buy a lucky charm, or better yet, buy a complete rabbit.

5. Decide what your major ability is, i.e. what you're going to pass yourself off as.

6. Decide what your next best ability is, i.e. what you can fall back on when you can't find work in what you do best.

7. Read *The Late, Great State of California* by Curt Gentry, published by Ballantine Books, a book that Tom Snyder, on his *Tomorrow* television program said provoked a large sale of rowboats in Southern California. The book also gives an outstanding view of the variegated Southern California lifestyles you will find.

8. After you read Gentry's book, ask yourself: Do you like earthquakes? Do you seriously think that California is due for a big one?

9. If you answer no to that last question, pick up a copy of the December, 1974 *Science Digest*, which features an article predicting much world-wide havoc in 1982 when all the planets will line up in a straight row and exert a strong gravitational pull on Earth, especially along the geological faults, such as are found in Southern California. After reading the article, ask yourself: Do you believe in *Science Digest*?

10. Postpone your trip for at least a month. During this month, attempt to see every film made in Hollywood that's showing within the radius of a tankful of gas. Study these films with the cold eye of a New York critic with ten years seniority on his newspaper. Make a list of what these films discuss, what emotions and/or ideas they arouse in you. Do any of the films change your life? If any do, you went to one that wasn't made in Hollywood and you should punish yourself somehow. Watch a lot of television, too.

Hollywood Boulevard at Night

Scenic Gardens Overlooking Hollywood

11. As a subfeature of Number Ten, during your whirlwind examination of the Hollywood film, review if you can, especially all the works of Peter Bogdanovich. Mister Peter, depending on whom you talk to, is either the best of the new filmmakers or the last of the old-timers. Either way, Mister Peter has made it to the top himself, much the way you now propose to do it: on sheer guts.

In case you've forgotten, Mister Peter, while he was still a non-shaver and as yet not given to wandering through supermarkets caressing models' pictures on shampoo boxes, wrote stellar columns for *Esquire* and used that particular ploy as his entrée into the Hollywood sub-culture. (Consider his collection of essays, *Pieces of Time*, generously described by some as 'a swell book.') Do you want to be like Peter Bogdanovich, or do you have something else in mind?

12. A complete physical examination is in order. According to fictitious government sources, many people who want to go to Hollywood are nervous individuals, hypertensive with high blood pressure and low blood sugar, heart irregularities, smoke inconsiderately, are prone to imbibe liquor and illegal drugs and leave their orange peels in the ashtray.

As Adelle Davis was fond of saying, "You can never be too sure."

One no-no that Hollywood finds in bad taste is for interviewees to drop dead of mysterious causes in the front office. At least know where your trouble lies, have it printed on a medallion and wear it at all times.

Better yet, shape up. It's a tough, physical life.

13. Another list for you to draw up is one that includes each and every person you have ever known who is remotely connected with the motion picture business. Don't forget to write down aunts, uncles, your local tv-repairman, anybody whose name you can use in order to get those doors to say, ahhhhh.

It's safe to say that because nearly everyone in Hollywood knows or has heard of everybody else that counts, that once you meet one of them, you meet them all (if you want to string the contacts out). All you have to do is meet that first one, and to do that, you need a reference from back home.

14. Stay home until you have enough money to take you through the dry times you will surely experience the first few weeks / months / years that you are in Hollywood. Now this one is up to you: figure out how high on the sow's ear you want to live and multiply that by the number of months you are willing to wait until you look for a job at a Carl's Junior, slinging hamburgers. That's how much you should take with you in reserve. (Hints: an average apartment goes for $170 and up, food will be slightly cheaper in season, and you need a car to go anywhere other than taking out the garbage.)

15. What should you take with you?

Just the basics: money, a change of clothes and your toothbrush will do.

And of course, bring some samples of your work with you. Are you a screenwriter? Get properties together, and don't worry about enough copies for everybody. You'll probably need only one or two and you can get those made in Hollywood.

Do you want to break in as a cameraman? Get that sample reel together, and keep it around ten minutes in length.

Are you an aspiring actor/actress? It would be great if you could have a screentest already made that you could lay on the execs. Although I personally don't think anybody ever reads them, bring along a one-page resumé, and a couple of letters of recommendation from people in the business back home.

Having talent is an intangible in a town like Hollywood. You must be able to produce evidence of your talent and reduce the con-game at least to a battle of your tangibles against everybody else's.

16. Select your conveyance wisely.

If you don't have that much cash, drive out, preferably with one or two other drivers so you can drive straight through and not have to spend cash for motels. Anyway, you are going to need a car in Los Angeles, no way around that fact, so why not bring your own? Even if you want to buy a car once you've arrived, you can generally get more for your car there than back home. Plus you can steer your clunker east as well as west if things don't work out.

On the other hand, flying on the big bird will cost you about $150 one-way from New York, with a couple of meals thrown in. You'll be there in less than five hours, and on the bird, you can't get cold feet in Kansas City, decide the whole idea is a bum number and turn around.

Don't forget the national railways system for expense and inconvenience, and/or hitchhiking for you hardier souls with death wishes to fulfill.

17. Don't burn any bridges. Resist the temptation to tell all those folks who have worked with you, ignored you, insulted your intelligence daily, paid you for work six months late, to go to hell. Instead, look each and every one up, shake their hand and thank them. Besides being a wonderful Zen exercise, this tactic keeps open the possibility of return if you should dud out.

18. Any time of the year is a good one to make your move except the Holiday season around Mid-November through the end of January. Historically, this period has always been a lax one for the entertainment business, at least for production. The second worst season is in the summer, not because the work isn't there, but because the weather is at its most oppressive. Smog levels are high then, with 90 degrees and up in temperature, and the citizens are at their craziest.

19. As a last minute self-test to see if you are aggressive

enough to take Hollywood's obstacle courses head-on, sneak out into the country one night and break into a farmer's barn, where, if you can bite the heads off all his chickens, and escape undetected, count yourself as prepared. Another way to see if you're ready is to try and con a lawyer. Or accuse your doctor of malpractice for that physical examination you're supposed to take. If you fail at any of these self-tests for aggressiveness, perhaps you should forget it and stay home.

20. Unless you are as thoroughly centered in your life as you can possibly be, stay home.

Once you are in Hollywood, no one is going to lift you out of your crib and burp you. Expect to depend on no one except yourself. Now, one last question before you go: Have you ever been afraid of the dark?

WHAT TO DO AFTER YOU ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD:

1. Well, after those long nights of indecision, you finally gave in to those primordial urges and here you are, touched down in Hollywood. Now, don't be scared. Lots of other folks have come out here and managed to live through it.

The first thing you need is a place to live, to hide out for a while, so stay in a motel for a few days while you get a car, then go look for an apartment.

With the car, you have three options: rent one, if you think you're not going to stay long and plan on spending about $125 per week on the rental. Budget Rent-a-Car offers some good prices. You could also lease your wheels at a substantial reduction if you stay for three months or more. Or you could buy one outright, which in the long run, might be the best deal. After all, you can sell the thing back later.

If you drove your car out, terrific. Now, go get the hulk tuned up and check to see if by now you are required to have that damn catalytic converter installed.

2. Drive around. Get to know the countryside. Feel firsthand that unique, exhilarating sensation known as Freeway Driving. Actually, if you can handle the Freeway traffic, with its 70 mph bumper-to-bumper traffic which suddenly converges into a stalled line of cars, if you can learn to love the smell of gasoline fumes and realize full well that those asphalt particles floating in the air will eventually cause your lungs to collapse, then you are beginning to fit right in.

Recommended: that you drive into Hollywood proper. Cruise the Strip and Santa Monica Boulevard, Wilshire and Beverly, and compare what you see with what you imagined it would be. Now, aren't you embarrassed?

3. While you're out that first day, head for Universal Studios and take the tour. Don't be intimidated by the crowds or the $4.75 ticket price. Just fight your way in, wait your turn to load yourself onto those intimate 100-passenger three-car caravans and sit back and enjoy three hours of an experience unequaled in the world and perhaps in the history of mankind.

This is where the power is. Universal Studios represents that monolith which you will have to crack — if not there, at someplace very similar. Dozens of sound stages larger than your proverbial airplane hanger stretch out before you, while your Little Miss/Mister Muffet Guide cracks bad jokes with the driver and points out the sites.

If you return to your car at the end of the day and find yourself visibly shaken, this is one you're entitled to.

Now, go back to your motel, buy a newspaper and get ready to look for an apartment.

4. Where to locate?

One part of town you might find enjoyable is Sherman Oaks, about 20 minutes by freeway, northwest of Hollywood. It's a small, friendly community (aren't they all?) lots of places to spend your money, and it lies between Encino and Studio City.

Another possibility is Woodland Hills, although a bit farther out from Hollywood than Sherman Oaks, it's closer to the Pacific Ocean and fun in the sun. Lots of celebs live around there.

If you don't like either of those two places, look into North Hollywood, which is a few miles north of Sherman Oaks and another good location. Or try Westwood, which is more expensive to live in, but is right next door to UCLA, if you like that sort of thing.

Hell, there's plenty of locations to grab for. You'll probably be moving several times a year anyway, so try them all.

5. Get your telephone installed right away. This is your lifeline.

6. Don't worry about those little tremors you'll get now and again. It's too late now. Also, don't mention the subject of earthquakes in public, as it is considered exceedingly offensive to do so.

7. Consult the list of contacts that you drew up back home. Get in touch with everybody on the list and tell them that you've just blown into town to scout the territory out, and that Joe said to be sure and look you up, and that it'd sure be great if you and him could get together for lunch.

Make that date. Go out and eat.

For most luncheons, try the Hamburger Hamlets, or Diamond Jim's or the New World Restaurant or stop in at one of the thousands of coffee-shops constructed for such purposes as the exchange of chit-chat between strangers. And if you sincerely want to impress your contact, take him/her to Chasen's and ex-

Journeying to Hollywood is as much of a holy pilgrimage as is available on the North American continent.

pect to lay out $75 or $100 for a bite to eat.

Of course, while you two are munching, don't forget to ask your pigeon about what's happening. Do they know anybody who could use your phenomenal talents? And if they do, brother you're on your way.

Get that name. Call the new people up right away, and take them on the lunch circuit. Or if you're starting to creep up in the mo-pix hierarchy, make an appointment to see them at their office.

If some of your first contacts don't pan out, cross them off your lunch list, but keep in touch. Call them on the phone every so often. Who knows, they might pay off someday.

So, at least you're eating one good meal a day. And definitely get receipts, plus keep a diary of whom you take out, what you discussed, etc. Tax deductible, my friend, and after a few dozen lunches, and/or drinking sessions, it starts to add up.

8. You need to join a union and get an agent. So do it.

How?

If you're a screenwriter, hike over to the Writer's Guild, go upstairs and talk to the nice women there. They can supply you with a complete list of all the agents in town, including those agents who will consider representing novice material, a term which means work written by somebody who hasn't yet been produced in Hollywood.

While you're at it, pick up an application form, and see what you have to do in order to qualify for membership. You must join them at some point, no matter how reactionary you find their outfit, because it's the only game in town for writers. Most producers won't mess around with a writer until he's joined the Guild, and (Catch-22) you can't join the Guild unless you've sold to a Hollywood Producer. So spend some time figuring out how you're going to get around that one.

If you are a Director, join the Director's Guild. But if I have to tell you that one, you're probably not a Director, and won't qualify anyway.

If you are an actress/actor, join Screen Actor's Guild (SAG). Likewise, the folks at the Guild can give you invaluable information on who's representing whom, who's working, etc. Plus they can tell you how to join SAG.

If you are a technical worker-type, such as a cameraman, soundman, grip, best boy or whatever, check into IATSE and/or NABET. You aren't going to work unless you're in the Union. If you do work and you aren't in the Union, I bet you aren't making much money. By the way, easing into IATSE is comparable to lowering yourself from the ceiling of the palace onto the throne of England, unnoticed. Better go to NABET first.

All along the way, ask for advice on agents. Then make the securing of one your first goal.

9. Don't be discouraged if you can't get an agent.

Some people wait years before somebody signs them up. Just keep plugging away at this, and while you're working on it, see what good you can do for yourself. Ideally, an agent gets 10 percent of your money for finding you work while you are either out working on other jobs, or are at home enjoying the fruits of your previous labor and are avoiding the ignominy of hucking yourself. But if you can't come up with anybody to do the barker's spiel on your behalf, then go out and do it for yourself.

So, go out to the nightspots and clubs with your new buddies. Be seen around, and introduce yourself. Don't be a what's-his-name. Hollywood loves fresh meat.

Remember: it seems that everybody gets their turn on the carrousel eventually. With some people it's now, with some people it's later, but it's all a matter of surviving until it's your turn.

(Pssst! How's the money holding out?)

10. Every day, buy and read the trade papers: The *Daily Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*. These two newspapers are highly specialized and contain exactly what you need to know about who's doing what production when, what productions are in the wind, and what changes have occurred in management, etc. Although both papers often duplicate each other's information, each gives their own slant and certain facts which might be bypassed by one will usually be covered by the other.

11. What about the American Film Institute, you ask?

Despite recent internal upheaval, the Institute still maintains its semi-prestigious role as an educational outlet for young filmmakers waiting to be discovered. It's a fair place to hang out (much better than Schwab's Drugstore) because during their two-year program, the film student usually gathers in enough contacts in his classes and on outside projects to keep him going for a while after graduation.

Two problems with the place: One, there are considerably more applicants than places in the student body. Two, once you do get in, it costs lotsa bucks, plus while you're at the Institute, they keep you so busy, you'll be hard-pressed to make any money on the side should the chance to work arise. But what the hell, check it out. The grounds are impressive.

12. After, or even while, you run down the list of contacts in the major studios, start showing up at the Independents. See what they have to offer. Anybody in town can tell you who they are.

You see, you have two ways of going at it in Hollywood. You can attempt to start immediately at the top, which works for some people like Steve Spielberg, but if you bomb out, you're not so easily forgiven, and this all has something to do with Hollywood's belief in *hubris*. The myth of paying dues is recurrent beyond coincidence in the ranks of those of the motion picture and entertainment persuasion, and the folks who feel they have paid theirs, love to rub it in whenever an upstart blows up.

Or you can start from the bottom up, through the chain of Independent producers and spend several years working on B-pictures, those Roller-Derby turkeys, but getting around and meeting folks. Psychologically, perhaps the best route.

But, you have to be in the arena every day, because the players and the program switch constantly. Be ready to plug yourself in at any time, at any place. Hollywood's a damn screwy place, and part of its appeal is the whole existential (yes, Virginia, there are such things) aspect of knowing when your time has come.

13. During your early tenure in Hollywood, treat the place like a foreign country; i.e. always keep enough money in the bank to get back home. And, please, don't buy anything on credit, and don't get married. That's when desperation creeps into your little scenario, and above all, you don't want to become desperate about Hollywood.

Keep yourself loose, out of debt and remember the whole thing is only a game. Try to imagine how the territory must have looked to those first pioneers like D.W. Griffith, how it used to be without that jungle of concrete. Keep it all in perspective.

14. If, after being in Hollywood for a few months, and you are discouraged, you are lonely beyond tears, you're rapidly running out of cash and you can't afford to go to a massage parlor, if you feel you aren't making any headway, bunkie, then, go home. You can tell everybody how it was, regroup your personalities, and try for your old job, unless you've been replaced by an automaton. And relax, you had to find out for yourself, which is better than never knowing. Plus, you can always return to Hollywood and do it all again with a fresh outlook.

15. If you decide not to return home, because this would be too much loss of face, and yes, money's low and you don't seem to have any friends who will buy you lunch, well, go find a job, any job, and build that money reserve back up.

If you truly want to succeed in your dream, you'll find you can talk yourself into anything, even starvation.

So, there you are boys and girls, moms and dads: some suggestions for making life easier in that Kingdom where Dreams come True — Hollywood.

Good luck, and if you make it, remember all the folks that helped you out ... Because they'll think that you owe it all to them, and they'll probably be right.

And, by the way, don't forget to stop at the beach, down at Santa Monica ... just to see if they've taken our friend away yet.

END

Addresses of guilds and other organizations: page 20.

Misc.

How We Spent Our Summer Vacation

We don't know if you want to hear any more about that shark picture, but we wouldn't be a film magazine if we didn't have some sort of end-of-summer wrap-up on the **Jaws** phenomenon, would we? (Thanks to *Variety*, *Hollywood Reporter*, *The London Times*, *Publishers Weekly*, *New York*, *Advertising Age*, and other, more private, sources.)

Following eight months of pre-opening publicity, and on the heels of wildly successful previews, producers Zanuck and Brown at first sought blind bids from theatre-owners (an industry practice where — incredibly — exhibitors are expected to guarantee an advance and a certain number of playing weeks for a film they have not been allowed to see). But the U.S. Justice Department frowned on that, so screenings were held in about a dozen different places, bringing a number of theatre-owners rapidly into line. (One exhibitor who had said that Universal could wait "until Hell freezes over" for him to meet their terms — 90% of the box office, for a minimum of 12 weeks — finally saw the film and wired the next morning: "Hell has just frozen.")

The picture, of course, opened to smash business: By the middle of August, in just 59 days in the U.S. and Canada, the film had grossed $100,375,045 — meaning that Universal had billed some $70 million in domestic film rentals (only **The Godfather** and **The Sound of Music** have earned more, and it's expected they'll be surpassed sometime this month). **Jaws** doesn't even open until later this year outside of North America, but past experience suggests that foreign rentals will equal the domestic take.

A financio-cultural event of this sort makes a lot of people happy. Lew Wasserman, chief executive of MCA Inc. (Universal's parent company), has estimated that **Jaws** will be worth about $7 a share to the firm's stockholders (MCA shares climbed from 28¾ to 80 in less than a month). Producers Zanuck and Brown, who have 41¼% of the film, stand to make about $20 million apiece. Author Peter Benchley's 10% could bring him $10 million (not to mention his royalty on book sales), while even Steven Spielberg's 2½% interest ought to make life a little easier for him. (The 28-year-old Spielberg has, by the way, signed to write and direct **Close Encounter of the Third Kind** — described as a "science fiction thriller" — for Columbia Pictures.) John Kemeny, producer of **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**, recently noted that he had paid Richard Dreyfuss something less than $50,000 for his title role in that film, but that **Jaws** had pushed him into the "$500,000 a picture class". Meanwhile the book which started it all has now sold something over 7 million paperback copies.

A financio-cultural event of this sort also generates a lot of imitators. So — apart from Zanuck-Brown's already-planned **Jaws II** — we can look forward to: **Mako — The Jaws of Death** (already shot), **Crimson Blood** (about a man who trains sharks to kill his enemies), **Dolphin Island** (the Robert Radnitz project from the Arthur C. Clarke novel), **Claws** (so-help-us! about a rampaging bear in Yellowstone Park), and **Piranha** (about a mad aquarium-owner who puts piranha fish into swimming pools). (Not to mention the more unlikely prospects of a **Clause** — the story of a loan shark who violates contracts — or a **Gnaws** — the horror story of an 800-pound beaver.) Independent producer Gene Sultan has announced plans to bring to the screen Richard F. Newcomb's book, *Abandon Ship*, about the WWII sinking of the U.S.S. Indianapolis to which the Shaw character in **Jaws** refers.

One final note. You may have suspected that that segment, in the Pabst beer commercial, where the shark attacks the cage, looks just a bit familiar. Well, the footage actually *is* comprised of **Jaws** outtakes (of one of the real sharks, not "Bruce"), purchased from the feature's producers. I mean, you wouldn't expect them to pass up a chance to make a few bucks, would you?

— E.A.

Spielberg and Benchley: Millionaires in the making.

A RUSTLE OF CLOTH

Just around the corner from London's Portobello Road (at 49 Pembridge Rd., W.11, to be precise) is an antique clothing shop with a difference. The Last Picture Frock — as it's called — was opened in April by designer Shirley Russell, who has been responsible for the costumes of such of her director-husband Ken's films as Tommy, Mahler, Women in Love, The Boy Friend, and the recently-completed Lizstomania. Because she "hated paying the costumier and then having to send everything back", Ms. Russell has — for the last while — hung on to each film's costumes after use and began to sell off bits of her collection when it got out of hand. Now, she rents costumes to other filmmakers and opens her shop to the public most Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays (though it's probably a good idea to call first — 01.221.4177 — as the hours can vary, depending on "whim", weather and the state of the film business). *Take One*'s intrepid reporters braved the mid-summer-Saturday Portobello Road crush and found Ms. Russell sewing away behind the cash register. She told us that, increasingly, antique clothing of interest that has never been in front of a camera is added to the shop's stock — which changes completely almost weekly — but, as she put it, "there are still a few bits of Tommy around."

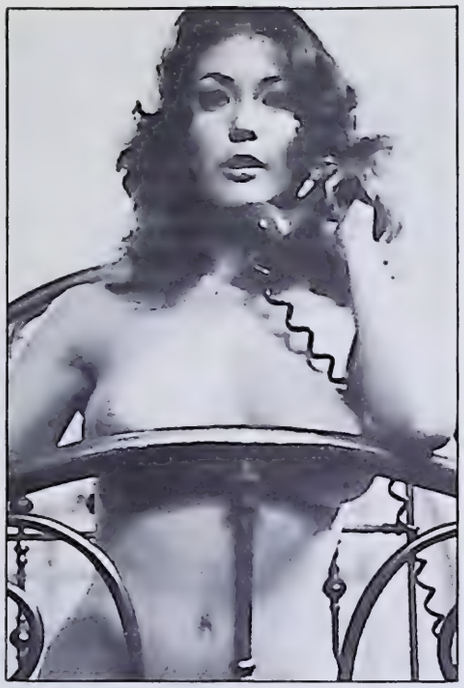
REVIEWS

Teinosuke Kinugasa's

A PAGE OF MADNESS

Film as textbook

When Paul Rotha and Siegfried Kracauer elevated films such as Wiene's **The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari**, Pudovkin's **Mother**, and Eisenstein's **Battleship Potemkin** to classic status in their writings, they did so out of a belief that montage was the foremost formal property of film. The spuriousness of this aesthetic was strikingly illuminated by the Bazinian school of critics who were quick to point out a director's alternative of exploring the physical, spatial, and temporal relationships capable of being expressed through the use of longer takes and depth of focus. Thus, montage — in isolation from the other vast resources of the cinema, and as an end in itself — is now synonymous with the cold academicism of many supposed classics of the silent cinema.



The Uberslut.
Shari Eubank as ***Supervixen.***

Teinosuke Kinugasa's recently resurrected **A Page of Madness** was filmed in 1926, and while many critics have hailed it as a lost masterpiece, it is a "textbook classic" that Kracauer might have been thinking of when he boldly asserted that "of all the technical properties of film the most general and indispensable is editing." Watching **A Page of Madness** is not unlike sitting in a classroom, trying to learn the Technique of Film. The abstract formalism of Kinugasa's hour-long dissertation on insanity is totally lacking in the spontaneity and humanity that make real art come alive.

Kinugasa has been directing films in Japan for half a century, and while most of his work is unknown to western audiences, one need only recall his one commercial success in this hemisphere, **Gate of Hell** (1954), to get some idea of the emotional aridity and calculated solemnity of **A Page of Madness**.

The film's non-linear structure relates an old man's efforts to free his wife from an insane asylum, to which she has been committed after drowning their baby son in a river and then attempting, unsuccessfully, to drown herself. As in Murnau's **The Last Laugh**, the story is told without titles, thus obscuring a number of plot points. It is never clear, for instance, whether the old man is a custodian *within* the asylum, or an institution nearby. There is also a vagueness surrounding the relationship of the grown daughter to her parents and her apparent marriage to a man in another city.

Narrative details are less important to Kinugasa, however, than the hallucinatory hysteria with which he blatantly illustrates the thin line that separates normalcy and insanity. Because of his almost total dependence on associative montage to achieve the desired effects, there is no sense of discovery for the viewer. Within the first few seconds of the film, approximately 20 separate shots bombard the screen. Naturally, a feeling of disorientation is achieved, but the possibility of a multiple response to the sequence is negated. Rain runs through gutters, out of drainpipes, over steps; the surreal headlights of a car approach; intermittent lightning silhouettes windswept branches against the barred windows of the institution — the director works overtime for a disruptive mood in these opening shots.

Once in the asylum, the editing becomes less frantic, but remains just as obvious. A wild Isadora-type dances ecstatically in her cell, the wall of which conspicuously features a torn photograph of her dancing when she was "normal". Kinugasa intercuts her terpsichorean frenzy with distorted angles of inmates clinging to their bars or the walls of their cells. Ominous drum beats fill the sound track, accompanied by the supernatural wail of a soprano. The director has defined the world of the film, redefined it, and defined it yet again — just so no one will be left in doubt.

A negative side effect of this over-reliance on montage is the manner in which it invariably undercuts human relationships and responses. When one thinks of Pudovkin and Eisenstein, do human beings ever spring to mind? Hardly ever; rather, it is the undeniable brilliance of

A Page of Madness
A New Line Cinema release of a Shin Kankaku-Ha Eiga Renmei production. Director & Producer: Teinosuke Kinugasa. Screenplay: Yasunari Kawabata. Photography: Kohei Sugiyama. Camera: Eiichi Tsuburaya. Art Director: Chiyo Ozaki. Lighting: Shoten Uchida. Processing: Shigemasa Abe. Music: Modern Bamboo Flute Ensemble. Cast: Masao Inoue, Yoshie Nakagawa, Ayako Iijima, Hiroshi Nemoto, Misao Seki. 60 mins.

Supervixens
An RM Films, International release. Producer, Director, Editor, Cinematographer, Writer: Russ Meyer. Executive Producer: A. James Ryan. Production Manager: Fred Owens. Camera Operator: Douglas Knapp. Cast: Shari Eubank, Charles Napier, Uschi Digard, Charles Pitts, Henry Rowland, Christy Hartburg, Sharon Kelly, Deborah McGuire, Haji. 105 mins.

Alice in the Cities
A Production 1/Filmverlag der Autoren co-production. Director: Wim Wenders. Executive Producer: Peter Genée. Screenplay: Wenders and Veith von Furstenberg. Photography: Robby Muller, Martin Schafer. Editor: Peter Przygodda. Cast: Rudiger Vogeler, Yella Rottlander, Elisabeth Kreuzer, Edda Kochl, Didi Petrikat, Ernest Bohm, Sam Presti, Lois Moran, Hans Hirschmuller, Sybille Baier, Mirko. 110 mins.

The Wild Party
An American International Pictures release, produced by Ismail Merchant. Director: James Ivory. Executive Producers: Edgar Lansbury, Joseph Beruh. Screenplay: Walter Marks, from the narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March. Cinematography: Walter Lassaly. Editor: Kent McKinney. Music: Larry Rosenthal. Cast: James Coco, Raquel Welch, Perry King, Tiffany Bolling, Royal Dano, David Dukes. Movielab Color. 100 mins.

Wet Rainbow
A Variety Films Inc. release. Executive Producer: Robert Trenton. Producer: Roger Wald. Director: Duddy Kane. Screenplay: Kane and Wald. Photography: Pierre Schwartz II. Editor: Natasha Gottlieb. Sound: Sam Heizer. Music: Widescreen Productions. Cast: Georgina Spelvin, Harry Reems, Valerie Marron, Mary Stuart, Alan Marlo. Eastmancolor. 74 mins.

Born to Kill
A New World Pictures release, produced by Roger Corman. Director: Monte Hellman. Screenplay: Charles Willeford, based on his novel *Cockfighter*. Photography: Nestor Almendros. Editor: Lewis Teague. Cast: Warren Oates, Richard B. Shull, Harry Dean Stanton, Troy Donahue, Millie Perkins, Laurie Bird. Metrocolor. 83 mins. Alternative titles: **Cockfighter, Wild Drifter, Gamblin' Man**.

Night Moves
A Warner Bros. release, produced by Robert M. Sherman. Director: Arthur Penn. Screenplay: Alan Sharp. Editor: Dede Allen. Cinematography: Bruce Surtees. Associate Producer: Gene Lasko. Music: Michael Small. Cast: Gene Hackman, Jennifer Warren, Susan Clark, Edward Binns, Harris Yulin, Kenneth Mars, Janet Ward, James Woods. 110 mins.

Quick Take Number 1
Sidney Pollack's

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR

Sidney Pollack's **Three Days of the Condor** (with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, and Max von Sydow) starts out as a slick, tightly-knit, very effective thriller. But after about half an hour you realize the movie is extending itself in some interesting directions: the thriller is sandwiched between a level of psycho-social exploitation and another of serious politics. In one sense, the film is just an excuse to set up a situation in which heart-throb Redford can come on tough. Fighting for his life against various elements of the CIA he kidnaps Dunaway so he can hide out at her place. But *she* doesn't really believe spies are chasing him; she thinks he's just another crazy. Redford's uptight so it's understandable if he knocks her around a little. Then he challenges her: "I haven't raped you, have I?" One beat pause. Dunaway, querulous, replies. "The night is young!" You know what happens next. Meanwhile, **Condor** also has some serious political aspirations. We wait to see how Pollack will handle them: if hero Redford wins, then the film will be telling us to go find our own heroes; if he loses, then we'll get the message that fighting the CIA is futile. But Lorenzo Semple, Jr. and David Reyfield have come up with a very sophisticated twist for the end of the film (which I won't divulge) which avoids both those pitfalls and throws the political question right in our laps. **Condor**'s a masterful combination of exploitation, thriller, and politics.

— JM

images which achieve their power only when juxtaposed one against the other. Kinugasa certainly lacks the visual excitement of the Russian directors, so his film is even more barren. It is impossible, therefore, to feel anything for the old janitor and his incarcerated wife, because they are scarcely allowed to occupy the same physical or spiritual area at any moment during the film.

As dry and academic as most of it is, **A Page of Madness** employs two technical devices which are interesting in a purely abstract way. Kinugasa rather effectively photographs many scenes from inside the cells, creating the impression that it is the people *outside* the cells who are really mad and behind bars. A motif of bars permeates the film, extending from the corridors of the asylum itself to the latticework before which the old man sleeps and hallucinates, the benches on the grounds of the asylum, and even a trellis behind which a group of small boys taunts the inmates.

The director utilizes a second interesting technique in the scene following the riot in the asylum. As the old man stands in a doctor's office, attempting to gain a release for his wife, Kinugasa pans from the figure of the husband to the wife standing against the wall of her cell. This pan defies physical reality and spatial unity, but it effectively expresses a spiritual continuity between the couple, uniting the husband's thoughts with the object of his thoughts.

Such stylistic flourishes fail to compensate, however, for the superimpositions, distorted angles, and subjective hallucinations that Kinugasa has arbitrarily imposed upon the structure of his film. It is always good to have a lost film available once again for viewing, if only as one more step in evaluating the history of the cinema. The presentation of **A Page of Madness** as an example of innovative filmmaking, however, is regressive in its complete denial of the development of film criticism over the past two decades.

George Morris

Russ Meyer's

SUPERVIXENS

Meyer uber alles

What other major filmmaker of our time can credit his films, as Russ Meyer can, as "Produced, Directed, Written, Edited and Photographed by Russ Meyer"? The quintuple artistry of Meyer is an indication of the completely personal nature of his work, and of his obsessions. The simple fact is that Russ Meyer is the only major figure in commercial cinema today who has a total grasp of his substance as well as his form.

The substance of Meyer's *oeuvre* is well known. Gigantic women with huge breasts and insatiable, promiscuous appetites and square-jawed, lascivious supermen exclusively people his films, occasionally abetted by bizarre freaks of every description. And politics — caricatures of madly repressed Nazis and surprisingly sophisticated expositions of Communist and libertarian viewpoints. A veritable stew, indeed, of modern manias stripped down to their essentials and perfectly blended with the spice of action, lust and mayhem.

Meyer's form is less attended-to, but equally important. His technique is instantly recognizable — the machine-gun editing, redolent of Dziga Vertov, interspersed with multiple repeated shots acting as touchstones or visual shorthand; lip-licking closeups of faces that embody gung-ho lust; close attention to mechanisms and appliances — closeups of radios, record players, audio speakers, candles, parts of the body, car engines, exhaust pipes, telephones, articles of clothing. Whenever sound effects or music are heard, there is sure to be a close shot of the source of sound — a technique that links Meyer with Edwin Porter and **The Life of an American Fireman**.

Meyer's entire work can be divided into two distinct categories, though there is plenty of inter-mixture between them in any one film. The two primary threads of Meyer's creative vision consist of: 1) the comedic narrative with socio-political overtones, of which **Vixen**, the masterly **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls**, and **The Seven Minutes** are prime examples; and 2) the "film poem", less interested in the narrative than in the free-form outpouring of images and ideas, exemplified by that mad epic, **Cherry, Harry and Racquel**, with its rondo-like circularity and its "cut-up" method of endlessly repeated and rearranged shots and sequences. Between the two main strains there is much interplay — **Vixen** is closer to the pure poetry of **Cherry, Harry** than to the almost-straight narrative of **The Seven Minutes**, while Meyer's masterpiece, **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls** superbly combines the two strains in a symphony of nuttiness.

Meyer's newest offering, **Supervixens**, also is closer to the delirium of **Cherry, Harry**, while retaining a story-line and social comment comparable to **Vixen**, though not as tight or all-encompassing as **Valley**. The basis of the film is that old favorite of National Socialism, the concept of the "Ubermensch" (and, in this case, the "Uber-slut"). We are clued in to this right away as, over the title sequence of a tow-truck tearing through the blighted Arizona landscape of **Cherry, Harry and Racquel**, we hear the unmistakeable strains of ten thousand Storm Troopers singing a hymn to Fuehrer and Master Race on an old recording. Ensuing shots reveal it is our old pal Martin Bormann (late of **Beyond the Valley**), digging those nostalgic hits on his radio as he heads back to the service station.

Everything is super in this movie. Martin Bormann's Super Service, for example. And all the women, who are certainly super-pneumatic, append a Super to their names as prefix (Superangel, Superhaji, SuperEula, and, of course, Supervixen herself). Clearly, we are dealing here with the Teutonic ideal, a race apart and beyond our own, "giants in the earth" indeed. The plot is at once super-simple and super-complex.

Easy-going young stud Clint Ramsey (Charles Pitts) pumps gas for Martin Bormann (whose workshirt name-patch identifies him as "Marty") and is married to Superangel, a man-eating shrew of incredible proportions played by Shari Eubank. The embodiment of evil, malice and all castration anxieties, Superangel is also insanely jealous, resulting in a brawl in which she attempts to chop Clint up with an axe. Charles Napier, the

George Morris has reviewed films for The Village Voice *for two years, as well as contributing to* The Boston Real Paper, Changes, *and* Film Comment. *His book,* Errol Flynn, *was published by Pyramid Publications in June.*

quintessential Meyer lantern-jaw, once again plays "Harry", a brutal cop called to the scene who roughs Clint up and dates Angel. Well-endowed as he is (Meyer here for the first time employing gigantic dildoes to put the point across), Harry is an impotent psychopath. Frustrated by Angel's vicious taunts, he stomps her to a pulp in her bathtub and drops in a hot radio for insurance, in a no-holds-barred replay of **Psycho**. Naturally, innocent hubby, who has spent the evening in Superhaji's bar, is framed for Angel's murder.

Skipping town, Clint is picked up by a gallery of old Meyer characters, including Zee-Man, SuperCherry, and the pipe-puffing Mark Trail-like forest ranger from **Vixen**. A much-needed respite, helping out a friendly farmer, ends when Clint is caught *in flagrante delicto* with the farmer's Austrian mail-order bride (the ubiquitous Uschi Digard), who rapes him in the hayloft.

Superangel is reincarnated as Supervixen, as entirely good as Superangel was wholly evil. Clint arrives at "Supervixen's Desert Oasis" and, to the loony background chatter of ham-radio operators ("I'll chew the rag with anybody but Bruce"), agrees to stay on as "Vix's" partner. Love blossoms and business is great until Harry shows up, captures Vix by a ruse (nobody recognizes anybody else) and chains her down on a mountaintop where, clad in the black beret and fatigues of an African mercenary, Harry dares Clint to run the gauntlet of dynamite sticks launched from his "wrist bazooka" to rescue her. I won't give away the apocalyptic finale ("your biggest bang will be your last"), but all ends happily with the patented Meyer epilogue of bareass lovers cavorting in sunny meadows.

Echoes of other films abound in Meyer's work and are rarely gratuitous. Especially clever here are the many scenes of naked super-folk running through the underbrush in evocation of the Nazi nature films and those lyrical idylls of the early Scandinavian cinema. References to Hitchcock and Antonioni will be automatic, but it should also be noted that Meyer has now incorporated the *Playgirl* esthetic of male and female nudity in bucolic "fantasy" surroundings.

Though **Supervixens** does not attain the sublime heights of **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls** (what does?), it is a brilliant work nevertheless. Once again Meyer has simultaneously exploited the most overblown fantasies of his audience and, in exploding the terms beyond all reason, underscored their essential ludicrousness. Harry and Superangel, at their complementary extremes, deride the clichés of supermale impotence and fascistic sadism, and those of superfemale voluptuousness and shrewish cockteasing. Meyer's grotesque caricatures have acquired the status of Platonic absolutes — there is truly no "further out" than this. Coupled with this philosophical underpinning is now a total command of all aspects of filmmaking — one particular moving shot of a breathless Supervixen pursuing Clint down an empty highway is more self-assured than are most films in their entirety. Forever on a shoestring, Russ Meyer now has a wholeness and self-sufficiency that the glamourboys of Joyce Haber's New Hollywood, with their multi-million budgets and scripts and superstars, will never achieve.

T.K. McMahon

Quick Take Number 2
Floyd Mutrux's

ALOHA BOBBY AND ROSE

Floyd Mutrux's previous movie was **Dusty and Sweets McGee**, the raw, grainy drug film of 1970 set in Los Angeles — and easily the best of that short-lived genre. **Aloha Bobby and Rose**, his current effort, is not really a good film: there are too many dead spaces, too many instances in which Mutrux indulges in forced, clichéd stylistics to try to cover up an essential hollowness. But this contemporaneous **Thieves Like Us** does have something going for it. No one — but no one — has a feel for the fetid underbelly of L.A. like Floyd Mutrux who, with his cinematographer William A. Fraker, has caught the pastel malaise of the city of dreadful night with violent precision. Despite occasional essays by foreigners (**Point Blank**, **Model Shop**, **Zabriskie Point**, among many others), L.A. still isn't much of a location town (we're excepting **Earthquake**) and as a result Mutrux has an even stronger hold on the subject. He attacks it with furious gusto and his darkly lurid nightmare images of the agglomeration of freeways in search of a city haunt the imagination long after the vague impatience we have at the fatuity of the storyline has faded. Whatever else may be said about him it's clear Mutrux has a vision — a very special one — and if he ever gets the cash to do another film he just might put it all together.

— JM

Ever the Total Filmmaker ...
Director Russ Meyer slates it himself.

Wim Wenders'

ALICE IN THE CITIES

Alice is alive and well

Wim Wenders' fourth feature **Alice in the Cities** [his three previous: **Summer in the City** (70), **The Goalkeeper's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick** (71), and **The Scarlet Letter** (72)] is a deceptively simple film about a journey undertaken by a man of thirty and a girl of nine. It is *not*, contrary to what you may have heard, a German **Paper Moon**; nor is it very much like any of the other films of *Das Neue Kino* which have punctuated film festivals these past few years. If it must be compared, it is a little like recent Swiss films (Tanner, Soutter) (but not much, really) — a little more like early Cassavetes (**Shadows**). There are a few elements as well that are reminiscent of the early New Wave. But, in the end, **Alice in the Cities** announces that Wim Wenders, just thirty this year, is a filmmaker who, unlike the majority of his compatriot colleagues, has the assurance of a thorough-

T.K. McMahon, formerly publicist for an independent, producer-distributor, is now a freelance writer and critic.

ly controlled and unforced film style.

He captures the ultimately mundane world he sees with measured narrative rhythms that are subtle enough to let the life behind the art show through. It's hard to communicate the nature and the tone of **Alice** without summarizing at length:

Philip is a journalist on the road in America alone, fighting the gritty *ennui* of motels and roadside restaurants, thoroughly alienated by the Johnny Carson media culture that binds one desolate small American town with any other. He takes pictures compulsively with his magical Polaroid SX-70 camera, but he can't bring himself to write. One of the reasons he's blocked has to do precisely with those numberless little perfect Polaroid images: everything's the same. He works his way back to New York and tells his editor that he's going home.

At the airport he runs into an attractive and sympathetic young German woman, Lisa, and her nine-year-old daughter Alice who are also escaping after several years in America. Lisa is delayed (trouble with her husband, who's one of the reasons she's leaving) and Philip finds himself chaperoning Alice, a self-possessed young woman of nine who — all things considered — is measurably more together than her travelling companion, the burnt-out, frightened thirty-year-old writer.

The pair lands in Amsterdam. Alice insists on showing an exhausted Philip the city. Lisa has missed her plane and doesn't show up, so Philip decides the only thing to do is take his charge to her grandmother. But Alice has been away for years and she doesn't quite remember where her grandmother lives. "Wuppertal" sounds familiar though, so they take off. Home again finally in Germany, they search for the dimly-remembered neighborhood with no success. The radio and TV noise that haunted Philip in the U.S. are just as prevalent in Wuppertal. So is the music he had grown to love. They stop for a snack in an ice-cream parlor which could just as well be in Cleveland as Wuppertal. At another table a little boy in full cowboy regalia sits quietly listening to rock 'n' roll on the American jukebox.

Philip attempts to refresh his flagging spirits at a Chuck Berry concert, but he can't get away from Alice. She's just remembered that when her grandmother used to read to her the pages scratched together from coal dust. So she must live in the Ruhr. Eventually they find the house but grandmother has moved. A dead end. But by this time a bond has been sealed between the two. They decide to visit Philip's parents. They spend the night in the car. In the morning Alice takes Philip's picture with the SX-70 "to show you what you look like." The mood of the film (and Philip) has changed, subtly but distinclty.

In the end Alice's mother does show up, but Alice treats Philip to one last train ride and, as they look out the window the camera zooms back, finally losing the train in the middle of the vast enveloping countryside.

*Yella Rottlander (as Alice) and Rudiger Vogeler in Wim Wenders' **Alice in the Cities.***

> "Isn't it wonderful you've had such a great career when you had no right to have a career at all?"
>
> — Katharine Hepburn,
> in a telegram to Dorothy Arzner

There is clearly a lot of "meaning" to **Alice in the Cities**: a distinct political commentary on American cultural hegemony; the claustrophobia of media culture; the grainy, 16mm black-and-white depressive reality of the interchangeable cities; the emblematic paralysis with which Philip confronts all this, and — most important — the understated relationship between the adult and the child which gives both of them greater strength and security than they had separately. **Alice in the Cities** is full of easily traced antinomies: Germany and America, Innocence and Experience, City and Countryside, Image and Word.

But what is really significant about the film is that none of this obtrudes. The "meaning" is an entirely natural outgrowth of the reality of the people Wenders is filming. As Brecht said, "first comes the eats, then the moral." This is what sets Wenders' work apart from the films of increasingly effete stylists like Fassbinder and Schroeter. (**Alice** is slightly closer to, but still separate from, the opposite, didactic pole of New German cinema best represented by Kluge and Schlondorff.) The vitality of Wenders' people, and the natural rhythms of the narrative are the characteristics that make a comparison with Cassavetes possible. (Philip would be entirely at home in the world of **Shadows**.) The lean structure of the film's politics is reminiscent of the early New Wave. And the combination of the focus on real people together with an innate political structure is what brings the work of Tanner and Soutter to mind. (Although the tone of Wenders' film is altogether less humorous.)

The result is that **Alice in the Cities** is a film of subtle forces which tells us as much about our situation on this side of the Ocean as it does about contemporary German life — and it does so with a rare, assured stylistic reticence. Wenders is confident enough to let his *people* speak. Alice may not live *here* anymore, but she's alive and well in Wuppertal, The Ruhr, and Munich.

James Monaco

Merchant-Ivory's

THE WILD PARTY

The doorstep two-step

Ah, the doom awaiting the individual plucked for the *Time* magazine cover! Fortune's Wheel turns sharply, and the poor fool becomes an alcoholic, a divorcee, a penniless pervert every time.

Now *Take One* has picked up the voodoo with its recent splendorous cover of Raquel Welch — the Queen of the Nile smiling in confident anticipation of her forthcoming Ismail Merchant-James Ivory picture, **The Wild Party**. Well, that movie has arrived and, quite simply, it's the bubonic plague on celluloid.

Its female star, hoping to score in her first "art" picture, comes off as six feet of packaged rubber and two left breasts, a pathetic and perhaps irreversible regression for Raquel to **One Million B.C.** As

for Producer Merchant and Director Ivory, those charlatan mountebanks, those nebbish Renoirs, they should be sent packing back to India in upheaval. Perhaps Mrs. Ghandi could find a suitable spot to banish their whimsical Brahmin bull.

Yes, **The Wild Party** is that bad. I attended its funeral in a nearly empty Boston theater, for it was buried deep without ever reaching New York. When I called AIP to say I was reviewing the film, the man got *nervous*. "Where did you see it?" he barked. (Was the dark secret out?) When I requested photos and publicity material, he almost fainted. Only through my persistence did he claim to take down my mailing address. Needless to say, the material was never posted, his last hope to deter my folly. (And remember, this is AIP — normally proud of its trash.)

I continue. **The Wild Party** is "inspired" by the continued prurient interest in the Virginia Rappe murder of half a century ago, the scandal which ruined Fatty Arbuckle's career. Now it's a fatuous James Coco prancing plumply about the screen. He's a petulant and prissy clown on his way down. Raquel is his mistress, Queenie, a mousey little part with no good lines and nothing to do. (Then why did she do it?)

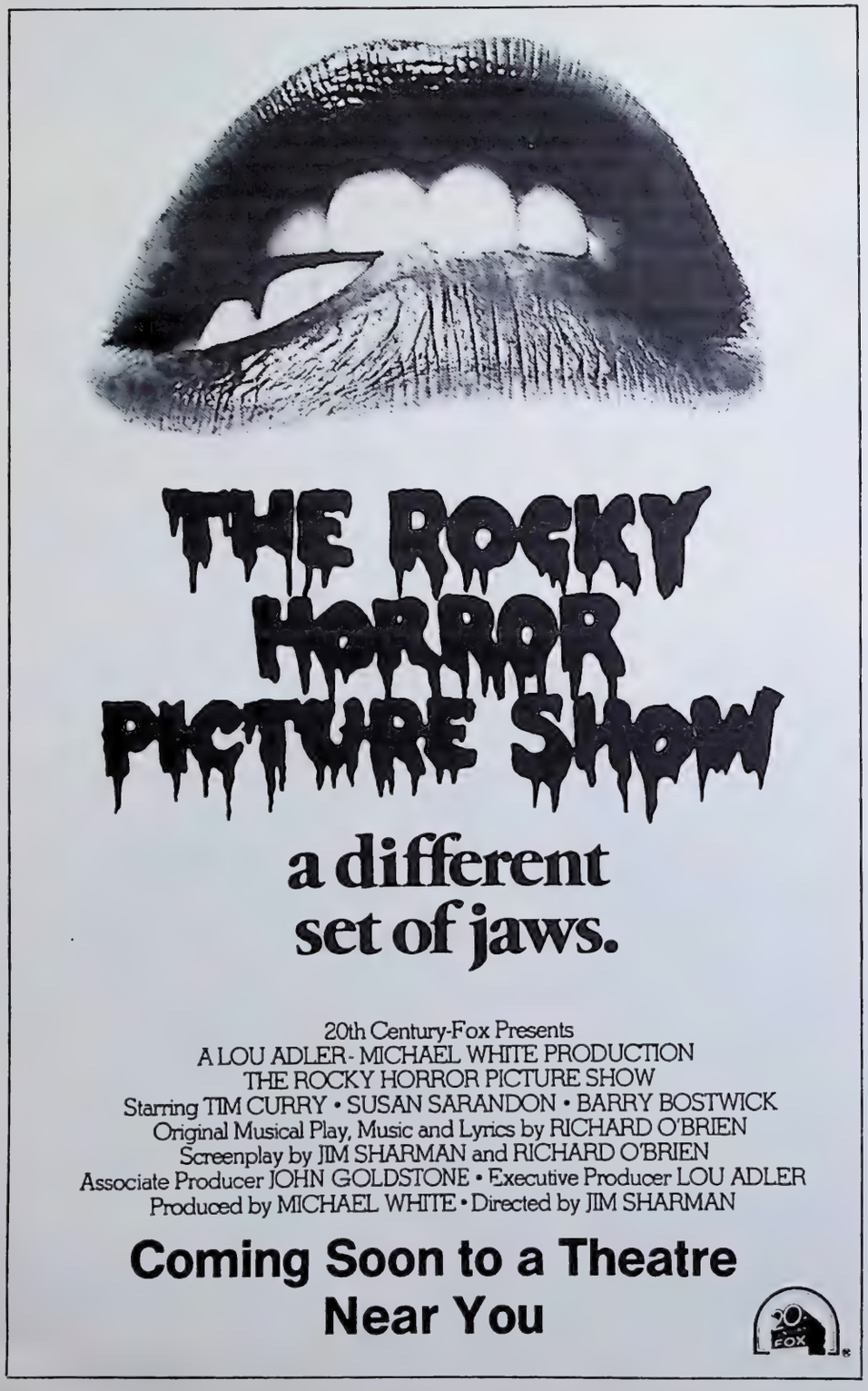
But the bulk of the movie is that stinky party, where souls are bared and bodices removed. It's a dreary, absolutely scriptless hour of moving cameras and cheap deco mise-en-scène. And in the midst of it all is a vulgarization of so-called "gay sensibility" into a tacky orgy of AC-DC dry heaves and a collage of simulated sailor boy porn.

Most objectionable, it's the non-liberated, fetishistic type of gayness which dominates, which hides uneasily a deep misogyny. Poor Raquel is tied up tight in ugly clothes throughout the movie, completely desexed and made gawky and hideous — a long way from her breathing bosom and tanned legs in the Jim Brown movies, for instance. (In stark contrast, **The Wild Party** offers loving shots of Perry King's contoured behind.)

Why did I stay on? To see how James Ivory would resolve on screen the homicidal ending to Fatty Arbuckle's real life party, most memorably and ghoulishly recreated in the hallowed pages of Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*. Ivory chickens out. He replaces the notorious icicle incident with a tame, insipid, and totally gratuitous shooting. That's the last stale surprise.

There's a nice story that the youthful scenarist of **Kansas City Bomber**, Raquel Welch's most sympathetic film, left his script on her doorstep, and Ms. Welch read it and realized the potential. No luck this time. The only way **The Wild Party** could have been deposited on her step was scraped from the bottom of a shoe.

Gerald Peary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Duddy Kane's

WET RAINBOW

Ozzie and Harriet?

What's new in fuck films? Well, in **Wet Rainbow**, Harry Reems and Georgina Spelvin are happily married and domiciled; you can tell because they keep saying "I love you" to each other. He teaches photography in college; she is an Artist. Rainbow (Valerie Marron), a rather puffy girl Harry spots at school, becomes a fantasy figure, eventually willing, for both of them, leading — along the way — to the usual sexual tumbling acts.

Almost all the names in the film's credits are pseudonyms, which reaches a porn apotheosis in writer/director "Duddy Kane", since the name almost links **Wet Rainbow** to Duddy Kravitz' "Dudley Kane Enterprises." For hardcore porn, there is an awful lot of talk in **Wet Rainbow**, including much gnashing of teeth and obscene emoting — mainly from Georgina who must unconvincingly Suffer at the thought of encroaching lesbianism. The film was directed by someone who must have seen a bit of Bergman's **The Touch** and then thought and thought and thought and thought. **Wet Rainbow** is the

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obvious, dumb product of a sly pornographer who thinks he's doing Art.

Make no mistake, the film *is* a step above what passes for porn now. Someone obviously put some care into the look of the film — the color photography is quite nice — and the rock score (but not the lyrics) is decent. But the idea of the movie — the mysterious, enticing fantasy girl — which is quite interesting and a timeless staple of normal films, is (you'll pardon the expression) blown almost from the start. Rainbow is not remote, beautiful or mysterious and simply looks and acts like a cheap tramp who'll do anything for a dime. Porn has yet to find some virginal-looking players of either sex worthy of fantasizing about.

Harry moves through the whole thing with his usual single expression that covers everything from ecstasy to constipation, but Spelvin at least *looks* like a past-prime wife whose husband is ready to wander. There is less s-m material here, but the film, like 99 percent of all hardcore porn, is slanted solely to male fantasies, and it gamely tries to cover them all. Girls are apt to masturbate at the drop of a...well...hat, but no mention is made of male masturbation. Georgina is tortuously concerned about her emerging lesbian tendencies, while Harry doesn't even recognize the homosexual implications of his fondness for anal intercourse.

You can laugh a lot at **Wet Rainbow** but never with it. Much of the time, when Harry and Georgina are forced to talk together, they begin to resemble Ozzie and Harriet, with maybe even a hint that a David or a Ricky are off in the bathroom doing something more photogenic for the next reel. The film ends with porn's first conceit: the sun slowly climbing up a wall and obliterating an image of Rainbow thrown by a slide projector. This creates an artificially blank screen for the end titles. (In the morning after the film's requisite finale/orgy, Rainbow has nipped off after seeing how peaceful Harry and Georgina looked curled up together.) Thus the film is resolutely moral — you can see the experts lining up now for the witness stands in Topeka. It ends with the implication that Harry and Georgina are "cured" and ready to embark on a worthwhile project besides heady living, maybe some Red Cross volunteer work. Perhaps they'll even attempt a little Ricky or David. Listen, this could be a series...

David Bartholomew

The film was directed by someone who must have seen a bit of The Touch and thought and thought and thought and thought.

Monte Hellman's

BORN TO KILL

Back to the underground

If **Two-Lane Blacktop** hadn't bombed, Monte Hellman's **The Cockfighter** would probably have kept its title and opened with a big publicity splash. But **Blacktop** —Hellman's big-time shot—died a horrible box-office death, and **The Cockfighter** is sliding in with a terrible new title (**Born to Kill**) and practically no promotion at all.

In a way, it's sadly appropriate. Hellman is primarily known for two obscure westerns—**Ride in the Whirlwind** and **The Shooting**—neither of which were ever widely distributed (see interview in Vol. 4 No. 2). Nonetheless, they gained considerable underground reputations as striking, deeply felt pictures—personal works from one of the most fascinating filmmakers in Hollywood. As a result, Hellman got to make **Blacktop**, which figured to be a smash. It wasn't, and Hellman was promptly returned to the cultists—with, one suspects, a sigh of relief from the studio executives, who never understood him anyway.

The Cockfighter (to use its original, and proper, title) is a disturbing picture—a study of compulsion (as all Hellman's pictures are) set in a documentary framework. Warren Oates (a charter member of Hellman's stock company,

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who was featured in **Whirlwind** and **Blacktop**) plays a man who trains fighting cocks, and enters them in big-money contests of dubious legality. His performance in **Cockfighter** is perhaps the best he's ever given. Driven, compulsive and scared (though of what we never know), his life is totally absorbed in his work — even to the extent of alienating the woman he wants to marry.

In the process of telling Oates' story, Hellman provides a marvelously detailed documentary picture of the cockfighting subculture. His attention to nuance (familiar from the westerns, which were, in some respects, practically archeology) makes the training sessions and contests utterly believable.

Hellman's films have never been easy to categorize. As one of Hollywood's few native existentialists, he's always followed a random pattern wherein the plots of his films have less to do with cause-and-effect than with the peculiar moment-to-moment passions of his characters. If this working methodology provides more questions than answers, it also makes his films far more interesting, and important, than most Hollywood product. As the latest chapter in the career of an archetypal cinematic maverick, **The Cockfighter** is of the utmost interest.

Michael Goodwin

Arthur Penn's

NIGHT MOVES

Sometimes the magic...

Sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't.

The surprising thing about **Night Moves** is the limit Penn sets on the magic he tries to work. Granted, directors who make only big, "important" films are usually a colossal bore and if Penn were giving us films more regularly I wouldn't question **Night Moves**. But it is five years since **Little Big Man**, during which time he must have had hundreds of scripts and potential projects presented to him. Somehow one expects something a bit more relevant, a bit more *necessary* than just a well-made, partially compromised private eye flick.

Penn, who in interviews sometimes betrays a weakness for the pretentiousness which he generally shuns in his films, would have us believe that **Night Moves** *is* more. He refers to a new kind of detective story in which the mystery is "inward", sprinkles his talk with references to Watergate and the malaise of America, and says his characters are "mourners of the Kennedy generation". But on screen all this really adds up to is an above-average gumshoer with a little less emphasis on artificial plot devices and flagrant violence and a little more on mood and characterization.

Penn's stated aim was to test the conventional audience expectations of the detective film genre and certainly the main body of **Night Moves** succeeds in this, and in a more subtle, integrated and less self-indulgent way than something like **The Long Goodbye**, which throws it in our face. The film's failure is that it doesn't carry this testing, this questioning through to the end, but is ultimately true to its worn out genre rather than to any reworking of it.

For a director who is so accomplished and so widely known and admired, Penn's film career has been strangely lacking in continuity.

The subtle variations which Penn rings on the private eye conventions are betrayed by the film's climax which is conventionally violent and really rather tacky. Sea planes and power boats and machine guns and sunken treasure and all sorts of gratuitous and improbable blood and death. Well, I saw it all on *McCloud* last week and I didn't like it there either. Whether this was a failure of imagination or merely an attempt to stick a bang-em-up commercial ending onto what is basically a quiet, introspective film, I don't know, but it only serves to support Andrew Sarris's contention that Penn is a director of force rather than grace. I think Penn is both, and up until the misconceived climactic sequences **Night Moves** is perhaps his most graceful film.

Certainly it is well acted — (what is there left to say about the nonpareil Gene Hackman? This is another modulated, distinguished entry in the most impressively varied portfolio of characterizations of any film actor of his generation.) — well written by Alan Sharp — (invited to join an overripe ex-starlet in the bath, Hackman demurs, "Maybe sometime when I'm feeling really dirty.") — in all, an accomplished, "well made" film, and yet it all seems just a wee bit inconsequential.

No doubt auteurists will find thematic connections with other Penn films, although this always strikes me as the most arid and trivial of critical games. Why it should be to a director's credit that he continues to mine the tired old veins rather than explore new ones, I've never understood. Nevertheless, for those so inclined, **Night Moves** may make tough sledding. Penn's well-known fascination with outsiders and outcasts is not really evident here. In fact, most of the characters — an ex-pro footballer, a chic shop owner, film people — are at least nominally "insiders". The physical immediacy both violent and non-violent, for which Penn is justly famous is less striking here, the few bursts of violence handled without the characteristic Penn flair.

Only two of Penn's previous films have not dealt, at least in part, with real people, often legends or "figures of glory" (and a jaundiced attitude towards fame is a Penn hallmark). Billy the Kid. Helen Keller. Bonnie and Clyde. Arlo and Woodie Guthrie. General Custer. Penn has seemed most assured when he was developing his themes and characters from some sort of basis in actuality, and he has abandoned a factual touchstone for his films only twice and at his peril — in **Mickey One** which has been lambasted even by critics like Robin Wood who admire Penn, and **The Chase** which wasn't edited by Penn and which he has more or less disowned.

If **Night Moves** represents a positive sign for Penn's future, it may be that it proves, finally, that he can handle a purely fictional genre film with assurance and sensitivity. Certainly a favourable indicator would be welcome because, for a director who is so accomplished and so widely known and admired, Penn's film career has been strangely lacking in continuity. He has made films only sporadically, eight now in 18 years. He has never worked more than once with the same screenwriter or the same cameraman, seldom with the same producer. Although he has occasionally worked with actors twice, there is no Penn stock company the way there is an Altman or a Peckinpah one. The only creative constant seems to be the talented Dede Allen, who has cut all of his films since **Bonnie and Clyde**.

This on again off again quality of Penn's career is the more lamentable because he was (and hopefully still is) one of the few directors who combined a sense of innovation and exploration with artistic discipline and integrity rather than self-indulgence. This put him among the handful of American directors who could make mainstream films which were also subversive, thought-provoking films with mass appeal.

At their best, Penn's films give a sense that the boundaries of a genre, of movies themselves, are being tested. He was never afraid to push the limits of a moment, a scene, an idea. He wasn't afraid to fail and as a result even his failures — like **Mickey One** and **Alice's Restaurant** — were original and audacious. He didn't play safe.

Perhaps my reservations about **Night Moves** coalesce around this point. The exploratory sense is there, but somehow muted. The film seems, sadly, just a little bit safe. If it had been directed by Bernard Girard I would have loved it. By Hubert Cornfield I'd have praised it to the skies. It is a measure of the level of expectation one has for a Penn film that it can be as good as **Night Moves** is and still be a disappointment.

Sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't. But ultimately **Night Moves** is sleight of hand. Smooth but rudimentary card tricks from a guy we've seen catch bullets in his teeth.

Douglas Bowie

COLUMNS

Notes from the New Cinema

Wind from the West

Whenever I become fed up with the currently fashionable form of preciousness called 'minimal' or 'conceptualist' art, a film program from California arrives to inject real blood into my starved system. The vacuous film exercises that I have seen over the last few years under the 'minimalist' banner are mostly on the level of a child's primer in basic aesthetics, usually accompanied by heavy-handed program notes or long self-justifying lectures given by the protagonists themselves. Of course, there have been masterworks — such as Hollis Frampton's **Zorns Lemma** or Ernie Gehr's **Serene Velocity** — but these are the work of exceptional minds. For the most part, the films of others I have seen are mere doodles that only reflect a sterility of imagination and a lack of craft. The films seem easily interchangeable from one artist to another.

It is refreshing to see that, in the West Coast films recently on view in a two part program at the Film Forum, the artists have not succumbed to current trends and are making films of great diversity and style.

Dune (13 minutes), by John Knoop, is concerned with composition within the frame, textural contrasts and a sense of suspended time and place. The cutting is lyrical and organic. Rippled dunes are translated as flowing water, reclining nudes and curved flesh. An air balloon, eclipsing the sun, rises above the desert and finds a fixed position in centre frame, a three — and two — dimensional image at the same moment. As the camera scans light veins in the sand, images are overlapped. We experience the illusion of sunlight piercing through deep water. The screen becomes a series of large space-divided patterns, of alternating lights and darks, strong diagonals and verticals; very formal, very painterly. The film (made on an AFI grant) closes with individual grains of sand shifting in slow motion. A beautifully realized film of singular intensity and richness of execution.

Skyboat for Biscuit (3 minutes), by Beverly O'Neill, is a simple film of single-frame cloud images reflected in a pond. The movement is delicate and idyllic. The visuals have the quality of a Chinese painting. There is no real up or down, no anchored horizon. This original little film was made in celebration and memory of the filmmaker's dog. The haunting juxtaposition of bagpipe music on the soundtrack is very effective.

Cycles (11 minutes), by Jordan Belson and Stephen Beck, is a further exploration into the miraculous. It is a film (also made on an AFI grant) of cosmic dimensions that even a small screen cannot diminish. One experiences a confrontation with the most elemental forces in the universe; of destruction and creation uniting in a never-ending flow. Freeform shapes move fluidly with formal shapes, falling bodies emerge from vague shadows, particles of a flame dissolve. Every image is rich in mystery with a sense of endless, powerful forces at work. **Cycles** was made in conjunction with Stephen Beck, whose Beck Direct Video Synthesizer was employed to create the work's unique film and video synthesis. The video is never self-consciously video, it is perfectly integrated into the total concept. This is the best work of its kind I have ever seen and one cannot help but wonder what would have transpired if Jordan Belson and Stephen Beck had worked on the journey through time and space sequence in Stanley Kubrick's **2001**.

Testament is James Broughton's most successful film to date. Within the framework of a self-portrait, Broughton views his life-work with humor, charm and affection. Using his own children to play himself, he recreates his Victorian childhood in San Francisco. Scenes from his

— *Cont'd on p. 38*

Missing in action:

Jay Cocks is moving — twelve blocks north, to be exact.
Richard Dreyfuss has always been a mover.
Both will be back next issue.

Modesty Forbids Department:

The Film Book Series published by *Take One*, in conjunction with Peter Martin Associates, has added a third title to its list: ***Marshall Delaney at the Movies*** (hb, $12.00), a collection of the film criticism which *Saturday Night* editor Robert Fulford has published under his film-critic pseudonym. The reviews and essays in the book are divided into three sections ("Canada", "Hollywood", and "Out There") and, since we have a policy of not reviewing our own books, we'll just quote from some of the many rave reviews the book has received elsewhere:

"The first intelligent study of Canada's film industry." (*Toronto Star*)
"A quick wit and flavorsome style brings issues to an adroit boil. Deserves an aware audience in the U.S." (*American Library Ass'n.*)
"Fulford's eloquent simplicity and perceptive chronicling of the Canadian literary scene are well known. The same terms apply to his writing on film." (*Montreal Star*)

We've also brought out a new edition of our first book, Josef Skvorecky's much acclaimed (and up-to-now out-of-print) ***All the Bright Young Men and Women: A Personal History of the Czech Cinema***, now available in both hardcover ($12.00) and paperback ($5.95). We still have some copies left of our best-selling ***Handbook of Canadian Film***, by Eleanor Beattie ($2.95).

All of these books should be available at better bookstores, but if you don't live near one of these increasingly-rare specimens, you can order the books from *Take One*, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Canada H3B 3L3. (The publishing business being what it is, we can't afford to bill you, so you must include payment with your order. Sorry.)

The Extradition

The Middle of the World

The Death of the Flea Circus Director

Letter from Switzerland

A retrospective preview

"Italy," said a character in Orson Welles' **The Third Man**, "has had the Borgias and the Renaissance, Switzerland has had 500 years of peace... and the cuckoo clock." So goes the popular notion of Swiss culture — where generations ago, tranquility apparently superceeded vitality. Insulated geographically by the Alps and politically by international neutrality; divided demographically by a tri-lingual culture and socially by a traditional, business-like reserve, Switzerland has never been known as a fountainhead for artistic movements. Swiss chocolate, yes, but the Swiss influence in music? Cheese, watches, banks, sanatoria and ski resorts, of course: but the Swiss cinema?

Until the mid-sixties one couldn't even talk about the Swiss cinema since, with an average of two feature films a year, there was virtually nothing to talk about. Those interested in filmmaking either had to work in television, confine themselves to short documentaries (traditionally in German-speaking Switzerland) or emigrate.

Yet despite the country's lack of film tradition, and all that that's supposed to entail, there is a Swiss cinema currently emerging, with its own distinct styles and themes. At first this appeared to be a cinema based solely on the works of one man — Alain Tanner — whose **La Salamandre** was one of the best films shown in the US in 1972. Since then, three other Tanner films have been generally exhibited (including his latest, and best, **The Middle of the World**) solidifying his position as a director of major importance. Then, in Cannes in 1974, young Swiss directors Daniel Schmid, Thomas Koerfer and Peter von Gunten, presented three of the most impressive films at the Festival. Never mind the differences between Tanner's bitter-sweet irony, Schmid's baroque dream-world, Koerfer's expressionist poetry and von Gunten's stark realism, these filmmakers all had something in common: they were Swiss, they were contemporaries, and they were all breaking out at the same time.

After Cannes, it was clear that there were indeed Swiss films, but it wasn't until the Museum of Modern Art in New York ran a retrospective of New Swiss films early this year, that that fact became evident to non-Swiss viewers. Not only is the Swiss film emerging, it is one of the most exciting developments in the film world of the '70s.

Like the New Wave directors 15 years ago, these filmmakers bring a disarming freshness and sense of discovery to a world cinema bogged down in gaudy super-spectacles and claustrophobic psychological dramas. The comparison between the two, however, does not stop there, for just as the New Wave was more a series of friendships and events than a conscious movement, so too this second wave — based in French-speaking Switzerland — developed as an alliance between friends. In France it was a group of young critics on the *Cahiers du Cinéma*: the one forum for potential filmmakers whose ideas didn't fit into the existing system. In Switzerland, it was a group of documentary filmmakers working for Swiss television whose time had not yet come. Unlike their French predecessors, they did not want to remake the cinema; they wanted to create it for the first time.

The leader of this group, and until now the only one whose films have been shown commercially in North America, was Alain Tanner. Like Truffaut, Tanner was at the vanguard of the movement, founding the University Film Society in 1951, writing, moving to London in 1955 where he worked for the British Film Institute and the BBC while involving himself in Lindsay Anderson's "Free Cinema" movement, returning to Geneva in 1960, where full of ideas, he made documentaries for Swiss TV, organized his friends and finally in 1968, helped found the Association of Swiss Filmmakers (better known as Groupe 5).

Of all the films presented at the Museum of Modern Art, Tanner's were the most familiar in terms of theme and development. Warm, deceptively simple and always on the mark, the three films shown not only displayed Tanner's technical facility but also his intense concern with the relationship between individuals and society. For Tanner, people are always seen in terms of their environments: environments which reflect not only where but *who* we are. Characters are revealed not in dramatic events but in the small everyday occurrences that build, offer options and then recede leaving their mark, whatever decisions are made. In **Charles Dead or Alive** (1969), his first feature film, we are given the story of a middle-aged industrialist who, on his 50th birthday, decides to break out of his secure, ordinary life of materialism, hypocricy and words, to find himself, whatever the consequences. In **La Salamandre**, Charles is replaced by Rosemond, a working class woman who is 'studied' by two intellectual filmmakers trying to understand and pin down her life, motives and thoughts. Yet like Charles — intently studying himself — she too defies investigation, remaining an enigma to those unable to apprehend beyond contemplation. She, like Charles, is at once a product of her society and an individual within it. To see her merely as one or the other is to loose sight of her reality. In **The Middle of the World**, Charles and Rosemond finally

Cheese, watches, banks, sanatoria and ski resorts, of course ... but the Swiss cinema?

meet in the persons of Paul, an amiable conservative politician, and Adriana, a waitress in a diner. They meet at the middle of the world, the watershed that divides Europe between north and south, the state of normalization where opposites coexist as long as they are not forced to change. Paul knows what he wants, but cannot change: Adriana knows what she does not want, so she makes decisions. "Their hopes," says the narrator, "were normalized."

Opposed to Tanner's gently flowing films are the works of Michel Soutter. One of the Groupe 5 originators, Soutter, like Tanner, came from television. However, his vision of the world is at once more comical, more kinetic and more rigorous. If Tanner's protagonists move logically within the framework of their environment and social roles, Soutter's characters leap, turn, and make sudden decisions that continually alter the course of their lives. For Soutter, life is built on chance and choice. Everyday life is filled with potential wonders and adventure if only we would seize upon them and follow them up.

Thus, his first three films, **James or Not** (1970), **The Surveyors** (1972) and **The Escapade** (1973), all tell basically the same story — or non-story. Two (or more) people meet by chance. They come from somewhere, going nowhere in particular, and have virtually nothing in common. Usually, their temperaments, interests and tastes lie at opposite ends of the spectrum, but no matter. They either mask or unmask themselves as the case may be, and inevitably confess to being what they are.

Between Tanner and Soutter stands Claude Goretta: the third of the Franco-Swiss triumvirate. Goretta joined Tanner in England, where he too was influenced by Lindsay Anderson's Free Cinema and its sociological concerns, and like Tanner he returned to Switzerland to work for Swiss television. (Soutter got his start as Goretta's assistant.) The most prolific of the three, Goretta already has eight feature films to his credit: **The Invitation** (1973) being one of the best. Like **La Salamandre**, **The Invitation** is about a free-thinking young woman who refuses to be fit into the procrustian bed of pedantry and materialism. Yet Goretta never sacrifices character for social commentary, and his comic style is both coolly elegant and warmly anarchistic as he pits individual spontaneity against social protocol. (The other two members of Groupe 5 are Jean-Louis Roy and Yves Yersin.)

While the Franco-Swiss cinema is based in Geneva with Groupe 5, the German-Swiss cinema is in a different position altogether. Certainly it benefited from the general recognition won by Groupe 5, but its roots are more isolated. The French spoken in Geneva is the same French spoken in Paris: the German spoken in Zurich, however, is often unintelligible in Bonn.

Their documentaries dealt not with social themes in general, but with specific issues, in particular: Italian migrant workers (**The Red Train**; Peter Ammann; 1972); the lives of workers (**A Worker's Marriage**; Rober Boner; 1974); and a government attempt to deport the migrant workers (**Hands Yes, People No**; Peter Ammann; 1971). These short documentaries (averaging under an hour running time) were not meant to be lasting theatrical works, but rather immediate responses to current social issues, often as not as commentary on bills before Parliament. Thus, coming from such a rigorously realistic tradition, it is interesting to note that the German-Swiss fiction films — all made by former documentary directors — are uniquely and often bizarrely stylized.

Thomas Koerfer's **The Death of the Flea Circus Director or Ottocaro Weiss Reforms his Firm** (1973) is a sparse black-and-white political parable about the adventures of Weiss, an unemployed flea circus director who tries to hold onto his own sense of personal integrity after being duped by a ruthless capitalist into spreading the plague as "a force of change." Though the plot might sound morbid, the film itself is not, being instead a neo-Brechtian tragi-comedy which makes its point through irony rather than overt horror.

Daniel Schmid, in **Tonight or Never** (1972) and **La Paloma** (1974) also sees society as a continuing class struggle, and reduces all relationships to a ritualistic contest between the nobility and the people, fought out in decadent manor houses and equally decadent music halls. In **Tonight or Never** — a tedious, difficult film whose tedium and difficulty is exacerbated by electronic music and long slow scenes — it is the nobility that wins; in **La Paloma** — a take-off on *La Traviata* — it is the people (if you can accept the idea of Violetta as a symbol of the people!). The weapons always used in Schmid's films are stylized illusions and icy contempt.

Peter von Gunten takes a more realistic view of the continuing class warfare. True to his roots in the documentary tradition, **The Extradition** (1973) is a straightforward historical narrative detailing the life of Russian revolutionary Sergei Nacheyev in Switzerland. Like Koerfer, von Gunten approaches reality through a moral and political analysis of events rather than through character development *per se*. However, where Koerfer creates events, von Gunten — sticking doggedly to historical facts — reveals them with an intense loyalty to an almost naturalistic realism.

Yet, despite the many differences between these Swiss-German films, there are enough similarities to begin an initial assessment. Beyond the differences in theme, style and presentation, these films — unlike their Franco-Swiss counterparts — all offer a detached, almost coldly analytical world-view. There is a kind of northern, Calvinist, matter-of-fact fatalism here, so common in many German and Scandinavian films. Events mold characters rather than vice versa, even though the protagonists are never passive. And is this so far from the view of Tanner, Goretta and even Soutter?

Essential truth in the Swiss cinema can only come through an exploration of the dialectics of life: the constant interaction between the individual and his emotional, physical and social environment. Even Soutter, with his firm conviction that we are all masters of our own actions, agrees that there is a great difference between action and the ultimate meaning of the action. In explaining **The Escapade** he once quoted a poem by Brecht: "A man meets a woman/ While they kiss under a tree, the man looks up and sees a cloud float overhead/ Later he will only remember the cloud." Ultimately, what is important is not the various relationships, but what the participants have seen and understood of life through them.

Nothing is ever played out in a vacuum, on a neutral stage, no matter who or what — the individual, society, history — sets the stage. To believe in a meaningful existence on a neutral stage is to believe in a meaningful existence in the middle of the world, in a neutral country, in Switzerland. For these filmmakers, from Soutter to Schmid, neutrality is an impossible supposition. The illusion of neutrality is itself the living stage: a constant environment of illusion, myth and self-deception, or, as Sartre once put it, "Non-action is itself action." To these directors, pretending to live outside the world is more destructive than honestly living within it.

And therein lies the vital difference between the Swiss cinematic spirit and that of most of the rest of the world. While the current world cinema is looking to escape from the world in a global phenomenon of nostalgia, pornography and spectacle, the Swiss cinema is desperately trying to become involved with it. That in itself is a welcome change and a source of hope.

Fred Barron

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earlier films (**Loony Tom**; **The Bed**; **Nuptiae**) are interwoven with slapstick, melodrama and romance. He recites poems on the soundtrack which remind one of Lewis Carroll. Slides and personal appearances are used to give a sense of documentation. A beautiful sequence (with Ainsle Pryor) recreates the elements of early silent melodrama and resists the temptation to resort to "camp". A repeated image of Broughton sitting in a rocking chair in the sea is used as a motif throughout the film. Fantasy abounds, all directed towards a celebration of life. The feeling and structure of the film are like a beautifully illustrated children's book with Broughton emerging as the Pixie Prince. The entire work never falters from its great charm and lightness of touch, and the attitude of the film can best be summed up by the words Broughton speaks to the audience at one point in the film: "I believe in ecstasy for everyone".

Himalayan Pilgrimage (16 minutes), by Jo Carson, is the one dud on the program, a complete mistake from beginning to end. It is the kind of film where the filmmaker's style is imposed on the subject matter, the imposed style getting in the way of the content and lacking any relationship to it. His increasingly oblique approach to otherwise straightforward subject matter is a substitute for real observation. The viewer's experience is nullified by all the printing gymnastics. The original touristy-looking footage is slowed down, speeded up and fragmented in such a way as to create the illusion of "experimental". It is true that the "traditional clichés of documentary film production have been abandoned" (to quote Freude Bartlett), but what we have instead is a series of clichés of the so-called avant garde.

The Last of the Persimmons (6 minutes) and **Saugus Series** (18 minutes), by Pat O'Neill. Both of these films have great humor and originality. They are a tour de force of optical-printer montage and yet they still retain great personality and charm, never becoming mere machine-made objects. Every sequence is full of surprising and evocative oppositions working perfectly in harmony with one another — as is the case with any of the best-realized surrealist works of art.

In **The Last of the Persimmons**, people are seen standing under a curved bridge staring at something unknown to the audience, a balloon-man inflates his wares and we are off on a wacky journey full of film-looped cartooned elephants licking their lips placed side by side like bookends while a super-ripe persimmon is sliced in front of animated designs. **Saugus Series** consists of a set of short vignettes: (1) A colored square, set in white with shifting interior colors, is contrasted with a moving slab of paint slowly cutting across the bottom of the frame. A seascape intrudes, the paint turns white. (2) A saw cuts a log in normal time; the shadows of branches under it move in speeded-up time. Inserts of small-framed imagery come and go. This sequence is one of the most musical in feeling. (3) My favorite of the group — a completely fake total image. Fern branches are superimposed over another image of a mountain covered with running water (or is it a small batch of rocks?). The scene looks perfectly normal but for the color and textural quality of the superimposed ferns, which obviously come from another source. Are they full-size trees or small plants? When one has adjusted to the logic of the collaged scene, the view is interrupted by three flowing strips of ever-changing colored paint that cut vertically through the frame. This disconcerting but beautiful effect further stretches rational thought by the introduction on the track of the sound of a saw going through wood. Even as the logic of it all begins to fall apart, the aesthetic formality and beauty of the richly-colored image becomes more hypnotic and seductive. I have only covered a few of the sequences in **Saugus Series**, but all of them contain the unexpected and the miraculously impossible. There are no false moves. Everything that takes place takes place in complete confidence. We accept what we see because each and every contradiction is so perfectly contained within the confines of the picture plane.

In my next column, Part II of the California program.

Bob Cowan

Holding Pattern

Film importation in the U.S. and Canada is still a quirky business. It's not always the best films, nor even the most profitable ones, from Europe, Africa, Asia and South America that manage to find North American distribution. While the last year has seen a gradual improvement in foreign film distribution on this side of the Atlantic, there are still dozens of interesting, saleable films produced abroad that get one or two festival showings and then disappear. "Holding Pattern" is a new service of *Take One* dedicated to those lost and forgotten films (as well as the smaller number of American films which producers in their infinite wisdom have relegated to the vaults). In future issues we'll concentrate on three or four films that have had the necessary exposure through festivals, trade fairs and distributor screenings and still failed to find a home in the U.S. and Canada. Meanwhile, here is a thoroughly arbitrary list of a score of recent films that, unless you've haunted film festivals and private screenings, you haven't had the opportunity to see. Some of them are important, some less so, but all of them, if handled correctly and lovingly by American distributors, have at least adequate market potential.

● **Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition.** England. Maurice Hatton. Reviewed several years ago in *Take One* and almost nowhere else, Hatton's extraordinarily funny satire of radical politics in the late sixties grows in importance with each passing year. When it was seen at the New York Film Festival several years ago, **Praise Marx...** was condemned by the left (because it was humorous and satirical) and ignored by everyone else (because it was, at bottom, thoroughly Marxist). Hatton's film manages to be both politically powerful and humanly sceptical at the same time. Maybe we can understand it now. Eventually it will be recognized for what it is: a rough gem of a movie and one of the most intelligent political films ever made.

● **Nous ne vieillirons pas ensemble.** France. Maurice Pialat. Starring Jean Yanne and Marlene Jobert, this three-year-old film by Pialat is a tremendously dense and perceptive film about contemporary sexual politics that won awards at Cannes several years ago yet hasn't yet found a distributor over here. Pialat's most recent film, **La Gueule Ouverte** is not yet old enough to be a candidate for "Holding Pattern" — someone should pick up both films — quickly. Pialat is one of the three or four most interesting French directors to come along since the New Wave.

● **Ça Va, Ça Vient.** France. Pierre Barouh. This is one of the best French films of the seventies by a major new talent. See Review, *Take One* 4:3. Barouh has also completed **Saravah**, a poignant, perceptive and insidiously affective essay on Brazilian music that is thoroughly imbued with both the wisdom and the sadness of the Samba art form as its musicians struggle quietly with the deathly politics of their country. (Barouh's Paris-based record company, Editions Saravah, has produced a score of superb albums, as well: American record distributors take note.)

● **Pourquoi Israel.** France. Claude Lanzmann. This three-hour-plus documentary was seen at the New York Film Festival in 1973 and then sank without a trace. Lanzmann uses Ophulsian interview techniques to construct a detailed, particular, and incisive portrait of Israeli society and its contradictions. Susan Sontag's interesting but impressionistic essay on Israel — **Promised Lands** — is now in distribution. Lanzmann's film is both more specific and more politically oriented and very much needs to be seen here.

● **Petit à Petit.** France. Jean Rouch. People remember Rouch's name from the early days of the New Wave (when with Edgar Morin he made the classic

Chronique d'un Été). But unless you've seen **Chasse à Lion à l'arc** in a college anthropology course, you haven't seen the real Rouch. **Petit à Petit** in it's original nine-hour version (it's now normal feature length) was a major influence on Jacques Rivette. Best described as fictionalized African ethnography, this landmark film is also humorous and human. It has a marginal but real commercial potential and solid chances in the non-theatrical market.

● **Out One.** France. Jacques Rivette. What you've been reading for years in the film magazines is true. Rivette's legendary 4¼ hour endurance test is a central film for the late sixties and early seventies. **Out One** almost had an American distributor last fall when it was shown at the New York Film Festival, but the deal fell through. How long will we have to wait?

● **La Circostanza; Durante L'Estate; Un Certo Giorno.** Italy. Ermanno Olmi. Unless you are a regular film festival buff the last thing you saw by Ermanno Olmi was probably **Il Posto** twelve or thirteen years ago. You'll be interested to discover that Olmi has continued making films throughout the last decade. These are three of his most recent investigations of bourgeois morals and manners. Highly stylized and richly pictorial, Olmi's recent films may be a bit slow-moving, but they could find their market if given a chance.

● **Ritorno.** Italy. Gianni Amico. There's a little bit of the Olmi touch here, but Amico's study of an intellectual middle-class marriage is also a lot more ironic than the films of his countryman. Ingmar Bergman isn't the only filmmaker abroad who knows something about sexual politics.

● **Ya No Basta Rezor (Praying is not Enough).** Chile. Aldo Francia. Made at the height of the euphoria which attended Allende's brief tenure, Francia's film was a concerned and impassioned attempt to explain to the alienated religious bourgeoisie why the Chilean social revolution was both necessary and good. If more Americans had seen this film (and films like it) just possibly we wouldn't have let Iron Chancellor Kissinger practice "destabilization" and mass murder in Chile.

● **Behind the Wall; Illumination.** Poland. Krzysztof Zanussi. Two striking films by the most interesting Eastern European director to come along in the last eight years, Zanussi's twin studies of the psychology of professional scientists and engineers have no equal in the U.S. or Western Europe. Maybe there's no commercial market for such "intellectual" filmmaking, but there is certainly good potential in university communities for these films. Zanussi has recently made his first "western" film, for a German company, in — of all places — Vermont, and in English **(The Catamount Killing).**

Laura Betti and Luigi Diberti in Amico's ***Ritorno.***

● **The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick; Alice in the Cities.** West Germany. Wim Wenders. While Fassbinder's camp gets the publicity, Wenders has quietly made two of the most interesting films of *Das Neue Kino.* (See review of **Alice in the Cities**, this issue.)

● **Aguirre; The Wrath of God.** West Germany. Werner Herzog. While we're at it, Werner Herzog is also probably a more interesting filmmaker than most of the better-known contemporary German directors.

● **Ganja and Hess.** U.S. Bill Gunn. Gunn made this film for Kelly-Jordan Enterprises a couple of years ago. The producers let it run for one short week in New York (and nowhere else that I know) and then stuck it on the shelf. That didn't prevent **Ganja and Hess** from receiving a resounding ovation in Cannes in 1973 which has helped it develop a very strong underground reputation. Simply put, Gunn's vampire blues is a masterpiece, and the most important Black American film since **Sweet Sweetback.** Somebody out there should try to convince Kelly-Jordan that they are sitting on a goldmine, or better yet, pick it up yourself for a few bucks and get rich. While you're at it, try to talk Warner Brothers into letting you have rights to Gunn's first film, **Stop** (1970), get Gunn to restore the original cut, and double your profits. (**Stop** is the ultimate "Holding Pattern" film: Warner's assured Gunn they loved it, then mutilated it by re-editing (or better "de-editing") and over-dubbing it. They never released the film. But cinematographer Owen Roizman used to use clips from it as his portfolio.)

James Monaco

There are dozens of interesting films that get one or two showings and then disappear.

Jim Monaco is Take One's newest Contributing Editor. He is currently completing a book about The New Wave for Oxford University Press.

Film as Business

Choosing a form of organization

The prospective producer of film must consider the form of organization in which his enterprise may best be established. This can be a critical function in securing financing and otherwise. Essentially, the choice is limited.

An individual can do business in his own (or in an assumed) name. Usually, this will simply involve a filing with the local county clerk so the world is on notice with whom it deals. The producer conducting business as an individual is fully responsible for all his debts; if he borrows money he will personally be on the line; if he contracts he must meet his personal obligations under the contract; and he is taxed on his income as any other individual is taxed. While it would be easiest to operate in such a manner, the business disadvantages are obviously substantive.

A second form of organization, favored by many, is corporate. The great advantage of the corporate form is, of course, limited liability. Apart from a handful of special areas (failure to pay withholding tax, fraudulent activities, etc.), the corporation itself is the sole responsible party and the individual shareholders, officers and directors are free of liability. If there is a loss in the enterprise, only the corporation must suffer unless the individuals guaranty the obligation. The corporate form has other advantages as well: it is perpetual in nature and does not terminate on the death of a shareholder; its shares are readily transferable among stockholders; it can both borrow money and sell stock or other securities for corporate purposes; and the rate of tax on corporations is generally less than that on individuals.

The corporation, however, also has distinct disadvantages for the film producer. In the quest for production capital, prospective investors are asked to buy stock which will comprise all, or a substantial part, of their investment. In a field like film production, where there are many financial failures, an investor likes to know that any loss he may suffer (and he may well suffer a loss) is fully deductible for tax purposes against his income. This

means that if he is in a 60% tax bracket — for example — 60% of his loss will be borne by the government. This is not true with a loss suffered in corporate stock. At most, $1,000 of this loss is deductible against ordinary income and the balance (at least in the States) is only deductible against capital gains taxed in a much lower bracket. Many investors, therefore, are very wary of purchasing stock in a film enterprise.

A partnership entity — and in particular a limited partnership — may avoid some of these difficulties. In a partnership the *general* partners have full responsibility for the debts and obligations of the enterprise. Usually, you (the producer) or your corporation will be the general partner. You may limit your risks, however, with insurance. Your *limited* partners are only responsible to the extent of their investment or any overcall set forth in an agreement. Here, your investors may select the status of limited partners with considerable advantage. Because the partnership, as opposed to the corporation, is not a taxable entity itself, each limited partner's loss (if any) is deductible from his own ordinary income. So, unlike the case with corporate stock where the loss deduction is limited, the loss deduction to your investors (limited partners) is complete against their income.

Another advantage of the limited partnership form — and this time from the producer's point of view — is that limited partners may not participate in the business activities of the partnership. They make their investment, either in full or subject to overcall, and play no other role in the production. If a limited partner starts acting like a full partner in making business and artistic decisions, he becomes subject to all the liabilities of a general partner, and these he will want to avoid. Consequently, you, as producer, will probably be happier with limited partners as investors as this should prevent undue interference by them with your production functions.

Limited partnership also opens the door to some other important tax advantages that are presently of great significance in film financing. There is neither time nor space here to go into details about all the tax shelter arrangements which have encouraged both the production of films and the acquisition by distributors of previously-created films. In brief, such arrangements allow for substantial write-offs against depreciated assets such as film. To illustrate, under proper formulation, a new film acquired from abroad for $1,000,000 ($100,000 paid in cash and $900,000 balance by way of a non-recourse promissory note given only against the film's proceeds) may be depreciated by the investing partners over a period of a few brief years at its full value ($1,000,000) and not merely at the cash value of the partners' investment. Under such an arrangement a limited partner, investing a total of $10,000 with ten other limited partners in such a film, may have write-offs against income of up to $100,000 over the period of a few brief years. As is readily apparent, this can be a very important tax advantage.

Similarly, under appropriate conditions, investment in a contemplated new film to be produced may achieve tax shelter status for limited partners. Again, there is the prospect of a large write-off against valuable assets with but a limited cash investment. This has been done in a series of productions reported in the trade press. To date we know of no adverse Treasury Dept. rulings affecting these large-scale tax advantages but, of course, the risk is apparent. While tax devices are important, they do not seem a strong, permanent way of improving the business of film production and distribution. Nonetheless, in view of the lack of any other form of subsidy in the U.S. for such activities, they represent a modest substitute.

In any form of organization there remains the investment tax credit — another valuable deduction authorized by law to encourage all forms of productive activity, including film. The credit now

---

Michael Mayer is a partner in the New York theatrical law firm of Mayer & Bucher. He has authored numerous articles and books on motion pictures, most recently The Film Industries — Practical Business/Legal Problems in Production, Distribution and Exhibition, *published by Hastings House, N.Y.*

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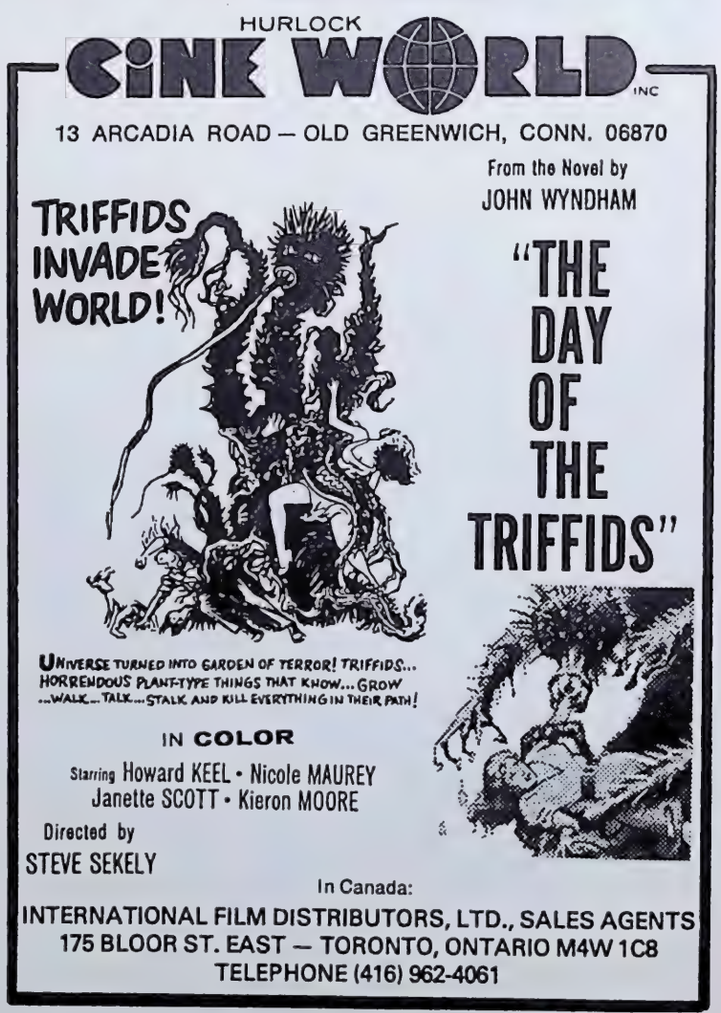
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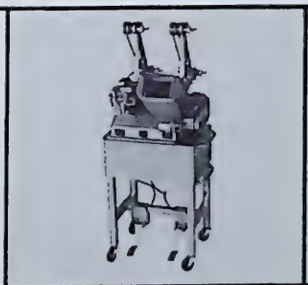

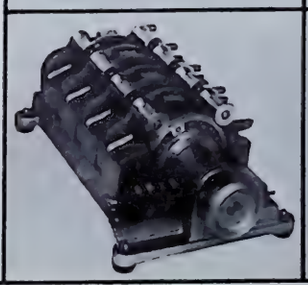

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In both corporate and partnership forms, there are serious problems when securities are issued to the general public, as opposed to highly limited private offerings. Security laws require full disclosure to the public and liability to uninformed investors. If you contemplate a public issue of securities to finance your venture, legal advice in this regard is a *sina qua non*.

Choosing the proper way to organize yourself can be a critical choice. Unless you have handy family or personal financial sources, it is essential that you establish your venture in a way that will attract risk capital. As independently-made films have a mixed track record, financial sources are usually deeply concerned about losses and what can be done with them. (Gains have a way of taking care of themselves).

In view of the substantial tax advantages to the limited partner, as well as his minimized risk, and the tax shelter devices now available in that form, the limited partnership — long a staple of legitimate Broadway play production — is a current favorite in the movie making and distributing fraternity. It merits your substantial consideration.

Michael F. Mayer

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Did you know that Stroheim once wanted to make a film on the life of the Swiss educational reformer, Pestalozzi, the founder of the modern public school system? Jean Hersholt was to have played the rôle. The time was 1936. Metro, to whom Stroheim submitted the idea, rejected it so he went to France to star in **Marthe Richard**, after which he was cast by Renoir as Rauffenstein in **La Grande Illusion**.

Did you know that Pabst's **Joyless Street (Die Freudlose Gasse)** originally had a scene where Werner Kraus, as a butcher in famine-stricken Vienna after World War I, goes into his abattoir with the prostitute friend of Asta Nielsen and the camera stays on Nielsen's face the whole time as she imagines the "swap" that's being made there, following which Kraus comes out, cuts off a slab of meat, and gives it to the prostitute who leaves with Nielsen, encountering a long line of women outside waiting to get their ration of meat? The sequence was shown only in Germany and cut everywhere else.

> "All of my German films and the best of my American ones deal with fate. I don't believe in fate anymore. Everyone makes fate for himself. You can accept it, you can reject it and go on. There is no mysterious something, no God who puts the fate on you. It is you who make the fate yourself.
>
> — Fritz Lang, *Action* magazine"

And did you know that King Vidor is currently making a 16mm documentary on the American genre painter, Andrew Wyeth, who told Vidor that **The Big Parade** had a great effect on 42 years of his painting, citing specific scenes that influenced his work?

My piece on Chaplin's **A Woman of Paris** vs. Bertolucci's **Last Tango in Paris** which appeared in the May '73 issue of *Take One* has just been reprinted in, of all places, the March '75 Finnish film monthly, *Filmihullu*, published in Helsinki. The same issue carries articles on a quintet of writers and their reactions to the screen — Tolstoi, Gorky, Jack London, Faulkner and James T. Farrell. Other recent issues celebrate Jean Renoir, Eisenstein, Groucho Marx and Emile de Antonio (reproducing secret White House inter-office memos of their attempt to suppress Antonio's anti-Nixon documentary, **Millhouse**). Pictorially, the magazine continues to be one of the most striking extant, so that the baffling Finnish text becomes "incidental". For instance, my Chaplin piece was illustrated with two full-page stills from **A Woman of Paris** I never saw reproduced before. Peter von Bagh is the astute editor of this really worth-while publication from a remote corner of the world (Filmihullu-Lehti, Etelaranta 4 B, 00130 Helsinki 13, Finland).

Pierre Lherminier, former editor of the *Cinema d'Aujourd'hui* film chapbook series for Editions Seghers of Paris, has now issued the first two of his own series, on Marilyn Monroe and Jean Renoir, in a larger and more luxurious format, profusely illustrated, and replete with the aptest and most cogent text one could wish for (*Cinema d'Aujourd'hui Nouvelle Série*, 183 Blvd. Voltaire, 75011 Paris).

With regard to the current vogue for explicitness in porcine dialogue, Abel Gance in a recent statement quoted an old Arab proverb, "You are the master of the word you have not said, but the word you have said is your master." And for those riding the crest of the current pornographic wave, Faulkner in his address accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature, reminded us of other values when he said, "It doesn't matter so much who does it, what his name is, what sort of bloke he is in private life — so long as the work uplifted, strengthened, or did something to other hearts..."

I am in receipt of a remarkable letter from Ivor Montagu — whom film buffs will certainly remember as the author of *With Eisenstein in Hollywood* and, before that, *Film World*, and organizer of the pioneer London Film Society — in which he comes up with the revelation that **Greed** "is the wrong title for the film ... inappropriate to its nature and content." After developing his thesis, he goes on to say, "Greed is not the disease-agent that accounts for the plot and destroys the characters. Greed is not the disease, it is the symptom. The illness is poverty." But Mr. Montagu makes his point in a long letter which I hope to publish soon. The title **Greed** was given Stroheim's film by his co-scenarist, June Mathis, when Metro acquired the film in its merger with the Goldwyn Company. Stroheim's own title for the film was the same as Norris's book, **McTeague**.

Did you know that the original negative of Dreyer's **The Passion of Joan of Arc** was destroyed in 1937?

There are as many ways of dividing kinds of film as there are of dividing kinds of people. One way, in the matter of films, is to point out that there are those in which what is happening on the screen engages the audience, and those in which their plots are of interest only to the films' characters themselves.

"Out of the reality of his upbringing, he made a fiction — and out of the fiction of his art he made a reality. Stroheim of the movies — not of his parents born, but of his films..." (Frieda Grafe-Enno Patalas, *Im Off Filmartikel*, Carl Hanser Verlag, Munich, 1974).

"I hate this period," said Vittorio De Sica, shortly before his death, "I don't understand it. Criminality is too much for my soul. I cannot describe violence ... this horrible life, this horrible relationship, I can't ... I like poetry, I like women, I'm not a moralist but I don't like to see women in pornographic pictures like animals ... my goal in pictures is poetry, humanity, humanity and poetry..."

Robert Bresson's **Lancelot of the Lake** is one such picture, that rarity among films today, a film without *ordure* or leg-pull, a film not made for the yahoos, the Arthurian legend *sans* Camelot but with a lovely Guinevere and Lancelot at the end (the quest for the Holy Grail has failed, the struggle to wrest the kingdom from the treacherous Mordred has failed) — Lancelot at the end uttering the name of his true love, Arthur's faithless queen, before he drops, fatally wounded and exhausted, on the mound of junk armour that was once proud knights, junk armour that was once the adornment of the age of chivalry, junk ... A lovely film.

Herman G. Weinberg

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma *and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which is* The Complete Wedding March *(Little, Brown).*

BOOK NEWS

Two more stories by John Fowles seem finally to be about to make their way to the silver screen: *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, owned for a while by Twentieth Century-Fox, has been re-sold to Paramount, and is to be directed by Fred Zinnemann. The title story of *The Ebony Tower*, meanwhile, is to be directed by George Schaefer, possibly for tv. (Zinnemann has also acquired Tom Wiseman's forthcoming *The Secret Policeman.*)

Tie-Ins to Note: Ballantine Books will be releasing a paperback edition of Robert L. Joseph's screenplay, **Echoes of Summer**, to coincide with the film's opening next month. ... Warner Books will be publishing a paperback original, *The Making of All the President's Men.* ... And Grosset & Dunlap have brought out two 69-cent shark coloring books.

The rights on the wall: Emile de Antonio has announced plans to make a "fictionized" adaptation of Philip Agee's *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*. ... Richard Attenborough has been signed by producer Joseph E. Levine to direct the movie version of Cornelius Ryan's *A Bridge Too Far* next spring. ... John Frankenheimer, meanwhile, is helming *Black Sunday* for the screen. ... *Black Sunday*'s producer, Robert Evans, has also bought film rights to an as-yet unnamed and still-to-be-published book by University of Oklahoma geology professor George Stone, whose first book, *A Legend of Wolf Song*, was published last May (and has already gone through three printings). ... Nancy Freedman's novel, *Joshua, Son of None*, about the cloning of a duplicate John F. Kennedy from cells salvaged from the dying president's body, was first acquired for the screen by Sandy Howard, but more recently seems to have been picked up by the New York advertising agency Rosenfield, Sirowitz & Lawson. ... Warner Bros. has paid $300,000 for the screenplay by 30-year-old Andrew Bergman, **Rhapsody in Crime**, a spoof of all the crime pictures of the 30s, 40s and 50s, and based on Bergman's University of Wisconsin Ph.D. thesis, since published by N.Y.U. Press as *We're in the Money*. (Bergman had previously been paid only $5000 for his screenplay titled **Tex X**, but wound up making a lot more than that when **Tex** eventually reached the screen as **Blazing Saddles**.) ... Paramount Pictures has signed Paul (**The Front Page**, **Butch Cassidy**, **Eddie Coyle**) Monash to produce and Ned (son of Keenan) Wynn to write, their film version of Paul Diamond's soon-to-be-published (Delacorte) *The Chicken Chronicles*, which "depicts the way it all was at Beverly Hills High School during the senior year of 1975." ... Leonard J. Goldberg has purchased the rights to make a film on the life of Alexander the Great, based on a pair of novels by Mary Renault, *Fire From Heaven* and *The Persian Boy*. Negotiations are already underway with the governments of Greece, Iran and Egypt for financing. ... Shooting is expected to start next month on the screen version of Dean R. Koontz's *Demon Seed* (Bantam), with the script credited to "Harold Elliott". Elliott is, in fact, Robert Jaffe, son of the film's producer, Herb Jaffe. ... Robert Radnitz has bought movie rights to *Dolphin Island*, a science fiction/fact novel by Arthur C. Clarke. ... And Paramount has proudly announced that numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 on a recent *New York Times* best-seller list are all to be made into films for their release: they are Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (Simon & Schuster), E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* (Random House), Michael Crichton's *The Great Train Robbery* (Knopf), and Arthur Hailey's *The Moneychangers* (Doubleday). Not a bad record.

REVIEWS

Kenneth Anger's ***Hollywood Babylon***, Straight Arrow, 306 pp. $14.95 (In Canada: General, $17.25), has been long anticipated in this its first authorized English version. Those lucky enough to possess the original 1959 French edition or indeed the 1965 rip-off American one would be advised to retain them, however. Whether it's a feeling of déjà-vu or what, this heavily rewritten legendary exposé of every seamy Hollywood scandal you would ever want to know of now seems rather jaded. Partly this is a result of Anger's generally satiric, campy tone and a product of his own genuine attraction/revulsion to the basic material. It makes for a queasy mixture. Too many illustrations are not properly captioned and I miss too many illustrations from the earlier editions.

Glen W. Hunter

Film as a Subversive Art, by Amos Vogel, 336 pp. Weidenfeld and Nicholson, £5.95/Random House, $15.00. (No Canadian rights).

This is a stunning book on every level. Photographically, textually and yes, one could say spiritually. One is in utter awe at the expertise and knowledge of such a long-time hand in the avant-garde scene as Vogel, and the distillation of his experience he has provided in this densely packed book. Packed with profound concepts and precepts, and a far-ranging and comprehensive view of the many "subversive" aspects of the filmic art, especially in many of its suppressed or little-known examples. A useful and, indeed, liberating book.

Glen W. Hunter

Indefatigable James Robert Parish only *appears* to have a new book out every two months via various publishers — still he remains the most prolific of current filmbook authors. The secret, of course, is his stable of consummate researchers and associates which accounts for the success of his meticulously detailed biographical collections. The three latest from Arlington (In Canada: Dent) are ***The RKO Gals***, 896 pp., $14.95; ***Hollywood's Great Love Teams***, 882 pp., $14.95 and, with Don E. Stanke, ***The Glamour Girls***, 752 pp., $17.95.

Having covered *The Fox Girls* and *The Paramount Pretties*, ***The RKO Gals*** continues the studio focus, offering in-depth chapters on fourteen stars from Ann Harding to Jane Greer, including Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball, Lupe Velez, Jane Russell and others. ***Love Teams*** while offering thumbnail biogs and filmographies, concentrates on the films made by twenty-eight combinations of Hollywood's gods and goddesses. One interesting innovation is the noting of a film's New York tv debut, but on the whole this is the least satisfactory of the three. The inclusion in ***The Glamour Girls*** of such disparate talents as Yvonne De Carlo, Rita Hayworth, Jennifer Jones, Maria Montez, Kim Novak, Merle Oberon, Joan Bennett,

Misc.

Chabrolling along
Claude Chabrol works so fast, and it takes so long for his films to cross the ocean, that it's hard to keep up with his career. Here, if you care, is a precise run-down of Chabrol's recent productions:

Le Banc de la Désolation and **De Grey**, two stories from Henry James, medium-length films for German television, shot in February and March 1973. **Nada**, feature, shot in June 1973 in and around Paris. **Histoires Insolites**, four films for television; shot in January, February and March 1974, including **Bons et loyaux services**, **Les Gens de l'été**, **Une Invitation à la chasse**, and **Nul n'est parfait**. **La Partie de Plaisir**, feature with Paul Gégauff, shot in and around Paris, April and May 1974. **Les Innocents aux mains sales**, feature with Romy Schneider and Rod Steiger, shot in October 1974 at St. Tropez. **Initiation à la mort**, feature with Jean Rochefort and Stafania Sandrelli, shot in April and May 1975 in Tunisia. Chabrol is also inked to do two more films in 1975: **The Twist (Le Malheur fou)** for the Salkinds, and **The Dain Curse**, from Dashiell Hammett's novel, in the U.S. for Martin Poll.

Finally, one earlier Chabrol film has yet to be distributed in the U.S.: **Docteur Popaul**, shot in Bordeaux and Tunisia in January 1972, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Mia Farrow. — *James Monaco*

1976 AND ALL THAT

No sooner, had the Department of Labor (responding to complaints from several filmmakers and congressmen) undertaken a "complete review" of the circumstances surrounding the awarding of a $175,000 contract to Canadian Morten Parker to make a documentary on the American worker as part of the Department's Bicentennial celebration, than the Hollywood Film Council president William Howard got up to condemn the filming in Canada of Robert Altman's Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson. **Howard branded the filming abroad of the story of a hero of U.S. folklore as evidence of a "naked disregard for both the history of this country, and for the men and women workers of the film crafts within the United States." Sounds like what's needed is a "history lesson" on how much Hollywood has taken out of Canada over the last couple of generations, eh?**

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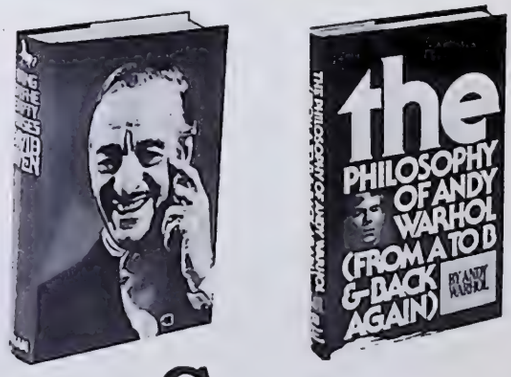
:al efforts of Blacks to survive in dustry since Hollywood's first ef- portray Blacks on screen (Whites :k cork-face), focuses on current nena, and lays the groundwork for solutions. His premise is that concessions, evidenced by the rash of releases aimed at teenage, audiences, Hollywood cannot be ed to deal fairly with Blacks in the tion, distribution, and exhibition of

ay pays homage to the pioneers teryear — Oscar Micheaux, Paul on, Mantan Moreland, Stepin , Canada Lee, Rex Ingram, E.J. and a host of other entrepreneurs eative and performing artists — e hope that their abuses, exploita- and, all-too-often, sacrifices will ve been in vain. But it is the chap- contemporary, off-camera per- notably the director, that make ok essential reading for anyone, layman or scholar, interested in Black involvement in the seventh lively art. Through interviews, Murray allows the directors to reveal themselves. The plight of the contemporary Black filmmaker is symbolized by Gordon Parks, whose **Learning Tree**, in 1969, became the first Black-directed film financed and released by Hollywood. Why did he later make **Shaft**? "I guess a Black man has to prove himself, and I've done this picture to show them what I can do. And from

Charles Flynn. Dutton, 561 pp., $12.50/ $6.95 (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $15.00/ $8.35). Excellent overview statements, interviews with and articles on directors as diverse as Joseph H. Lewis, Edgar G. Ulmer, Joseph Kane, Arthur Lubin, and Roger Corman as well as material on specific masterpieces of the genre are included. Filmographies for 325 directors are appended. Fortunately the bulk of the material was commissioned for this book and avoids the curse of too many antholo-

with which the industry may have to reckon, especially if movie-goers begin to take film critics seriously.

After opening with the major concern, "Why Black Cinema?", Murray proceeds to answer that basic question by discussing the importance of the film medium itself and why a Black cinema is needed, desired, and practical. In defining Black cinema's goals as correcting white distortions, reflecting Black reality, and creating positive images, he sketches the



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Chabrolling along
Claude Chabrol works so fast, and it takes so long for his films to cross the ocean, that it's hard to keep up with his career. Here, if you care, is a precise run-down of Chabrol's recent productions:

Le Banc de la Désolation and **De Grey**, two stories from Henry James, medium-length films for German television, shot in February and March 1973. **Nada**, feature, shot in June 1973 in and around Paris. **Histoires Insolites**, four films for television, shot in January, February and March 1974, including **Bons et loyaux services**, **Les Gens de l'été**, **Une Invitation à la chasse**, and **Nul n'est parfait**. **La Partie de Plaisir**, feature with Paul Gégauff, Jean Rochefort and Stafania Sandrelli, shot in April and May 1975 in Tunisia. Chabrol is also inked to do two more films in 1975: **The Twist (Le Malheur fou)** for the Salkinds, and **The Dain Curse**, from Dashiell Hammett's novel, in the U.S. for Martin Poll.

Finally, one earlier Chabrol film has yet to be distributed in the U.S.: **Docteur Popaul**, shot in Bordeaux and Tunisia in January 1972, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Mia Farrow. — *James Monaco*

can worker as part of the Department's Bicentennial celebration, than the Hollywood Film Council president William Howard got up to condemn the filming in Canada of Robert Altman's Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson. **Howard branded the filming abroad of the story of a hero of U.S. folklore as evidence of a "naked disregard for both the history of this country, and for the men and women workers of the film crafts within the United States." Sounds like what's needed is a "history lesson" on how much Hollywood has taken out of Canada over the last couple of generations, eh?**

Audrey Hepburn and would you believe, Vera (Hruba) Ralston (Yates) obviously precludes further titles like *The Columbia Cuties*, *The Universal Undulaters* or *Republic's Revoltings*. I wonder? Listings of film credits are the most complete and generally reliable I've seen and are a decided plus factor in the lasting value of these books.

Speaking of Republic, Gene Fernett's ***Poverty Row***, Coral Reef Publications (1127 South Patrick Drive, Suite 18, Satellite Beach, Florida 32837) 163 pp. $9.95, offers a concise, readable and enjoyable history of those little-sung purveyors of total schlock, including Mascot, Tiffany, Monogram, and Victory as well as Republic and others between 1930-1950. For some, magic names.

Further evocation of some of these vanished names is afforded in ***Kings of the Bs***: Working Within the Hollywood System, an anthology of film history and criticism, edited by Todd McCarthy and Charles Flynn. Dutton, 561 pp., $12.50/ $6.95 (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $15.00/ $8.35). Excellent overview statements, interviews with and articles on directors as diverse as Joseph H. Lewis, Edgar G. Ulmer, Joseph Kane, Arthur Lubin, and Roger Corman as well as material on specific masterpieces of the genre are included. Filmographies for 325 directors are appended. Fortunately the bulk of the material was commissioned for this book and avoids the curse of too many anthologies — the pasting together of tired, dated material.

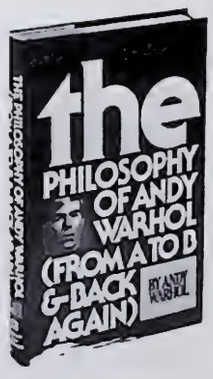
Glen W. Hunter

To Find an Image: Black Films From Uncle Tom to Super Fly, by James P. Murray. Bobbs-Merrill. 205 pp. $7.95 (In Canada: Thomas Allen).

With the proliferation of Blaxploitation films, one would expect a corresponding explosion of books. Yet, James Murray's ***To Find an Image*** is only the fifth ever to be published on the subject of Blacks in American films — the second in the past year. Several factors make this work important: it is the first to examine the current Black-oriented films, to explain the economic aspects of the industry in relationship to Blacks, and to present, in any detail, Black off-screen involvement in the medium. Furthermore, as the first and only Black member of the New York Film Critics Circle, the author is a force with which the industry may have to reckon, especially if movie-goers begin to take film critics seriously.

After opening with the major concern, "Why Black Cinema?", Murray proceeds to answer that basic question by discussing the importance of the film medium itself and why a Black cinema is needed, desired, and practical. In defining Black cinema's goals as correcting white distortions, reflecting Black reality, and creating positive images, he sketches the historical efforts of Blacks to survive in the industry since Hollywood's first efforts to portray Blacks on screen (Whites in black cork-face), focuses on current phenomena, and lays the groundwork for future solutions. His premise is that despite concessions, evidenced by the current rash of releases aimed at teenage, Black audiences, Hollywood cannot be expected to deal fairly with Blacks in the production, distribution, and exhibition of films.

Murray pays homage to the pioneers of yesteryear — Oscar Micheaux, Paul Robeson, Mantan Moreland, Stepin Fetchit, Canada Lee, Rex Ingram, E.J. Scott, and a host of other entrepreneurs and creative and performing artists — with the hope that their abuses, exploitation, and, all-too-often, sacrifices will not have been in vain. But it is the chapters on contemporary, off-camera personnel, notably the director, that make the book essential reading for anyone, layman or scholar, interested in Black involvement in the seventh lively art. Through interviews, Murray allows the directors to reveal themselves. The plight of the contemporary Black filmmaker is symbolized by Gordon Parks, whose **Learning Tree**, in 1969, became the first Black-directed film financed and released by Hollywood. Why did he later make **Shaft**? "I guess a Black man has to prove himself, and I've done this picture to show them what I can do. And from



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A Standard Glossary for Film Criticism, 2nd edition. $2.50

FILM: How and Where to Find Out What You Want to Know. 75¢ (Originally published as a *Take One* supplement).

Program Notes From New School Film Series: **Truffaut, Bergman, Lester, Kubrick, The New Wave, American Realism** (Directions for the Seventies). $2 each (*New Wave* $3) postpaid.

These monographs range from 21 to 68 pp. and include complete credits and commentary on all films to date of publication (1972-74). Going fast! *Godard* and *Fellini* are already sold out.

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now on, I want a chance to do the same kinds of pictures that any director does."

Insights are also provided into the careers and aspirations of several other contemporary directors: Melvin Van Peebles, Ossie Davis, William Greaves, and St. Clair Bourne. Murray holds Van Peebles in awe for initiating and persevering in his successful *coup* against Hollywood in producing, directing, scripting, starring in, and, equally important, preventing an "X" rating for controversial **Sweet, Sweetback**... Van Peebles is presented as a model, not so much in aesthetics as in politics and economics. Lest we forget, Hollywood is a business, the object of which is to make profits, not films, for producers, distributors, and exhibitors.

Chapters on William Greaves and St. Clair Bourne, both from *Black Journal* TV experiences, point to the importance of that program and why it must not be allowed to be exterminated in its present survival struggle at WNET/PBS. The author uses Bourne as a symbolic thrust towards the future. He could have dealt with Stan Lathan, Tony Batten or one of several other promising Black directors who emerged from the machine stimulated by Greaves, himself a prolific documentarian.

As a Black critic dealing with a White-dominated medium, Murray has unique responsibilities: helping Black artists to communicate their messages to their people and, then, to move on to higher levels of creativity. Non-theatrical audiences, perhaps more selective than their predecessors, are developing. New markets are emerging: institutions (college and school film courses, churches, libraries, extra-curricular cultural associations), minorities (women, ethnic, racial), and visual technological advances (discs, cartridges, cassettes, cable and other forms of pay TV). Those developments, along with increased regulation, both self-imposed (the present rating-code system of the Hollywood movie industry) and public-imposed (FCC licensing of radio and television stations), can be expected to influence the future directions of films.

Meanwhile, Murray, Donald Bogle, Clayton Riley, Charles Hobson, Walter Burrell, and others are in the vanguard of an emerging cadre of young Black scholars and journalists in film history and criticism who, with creators and technicians, are searching for an aesthetic of Black cinema.

Harold D. Weaver, Jr.

Professor Weaver teaches, organizes exhibitions and consults on Third-World cinema. This past summer, he offered an intensive course on African cinema at Quebec's Université Laval.

BRIEFLY NOTED:

Gordon Hendrick's ***Eadweard Muybridge: The Father of the Motion Picture***, Grossman, 271 pp. $25.00 (In Canada: Macmillan, $28.75), is finally the definitive work on Muybridge by the noted historian of cinema's earliest days. Almost too detailed.

Lavish coffee table books proliferate — the best are those on which Richard Lawton has worked. His third is ***A World of Movies: 70 Years of Film History***, Delacorte, 384 pp. $25.00 (In Canada, Fitzhenry and Whiteside, $28.75). Sumptuous reproductions, but that's not James Shigeta on p. 262.

Stuart M. Kaminsky's ***Don Siegel: Director*** upholds the fine tradition of Leonard Maltin's *Film Fan Monthly* Curtis Film Series ($1.50). Portions originally appeared in *Take One*.

Sinema: American Pornographic Films and the People Who Make Them, by Kenneth Turan and Stephen F. Zito, Praeger, 288 pp. $8.95 (In Canada: Burns and MacEachern, $10.25), is bright and breezy fun. Everything's (un)covered. Good, but coy illustrations.

Paul Hammond's ***Marvellous Méliès***, Gordon Fraser, 159 pp. £4.00/£1.80 (In Canada: Burns and MacEachern, $11.95/$5.50), (U.S.: St. Martin's, $10.00) is, surprisingly, the first complete work on Méliès in English. Excellent, and well illustrated, but what a pity none are in colour.

And finally three quiz/test books: ***Screen Test***, by Peter Bowen, Martyn Hayden and Frank Riess, Penguin, 303 pp. $2.50, covers all genres, with fairly easy questions, while Stanley Applebaum's ***The Hollywood Musical*** and ***Silent Movies***, both picture quiz books, have over 200 stills each to ponder even if you can't answer the somewhat difficult questions. Both Dover, $2.50 (In Canada: General, $2.95).

Glen W. Hunter

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

This column lists new books, whether hardcover (H) or paperback (P), dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices, where differing from U.S. publisher and price, are noted in brackets insofar as the information has been available. All mass market paperbacks are the same price in both countries; several titles have no Canadian distribution.

The Birth of the Talkies. By Harry M. Geduld. Indiana University Press 1975. 350 pp. $12.50 (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $14.40)

Black Films and Film-makers. Lindsay Patterson, ed. Dodd, Mead 1975. 316 pp. $12.50 (H). ($14.50)

Bogart. By Allen Eyles. Doubleday 1975. 128 pp. $7.50 (H). (Macmillan, $10.25)
Humphrey Bogart. By Nathaniel Benchley. Little, Brown 1975. 242 pp. $12.50 (H). ($14.50)
The Ray Bradbury Companion. William F. Nolan, ed. Gale 1975. 352 pp. $28.95 (H). Bibliography of Bradbury's writings, incl. film scripts.
Marilyn Chambers: My Story. By Marilyn Chambers. Warner 1975. 206 pp. $1.95 (P). Biography of the star of **Behind the Green Door.**
Cinema and the Schools. By Larry Langman and Milt Fajans. Pflaum/Standard 1975. 157 pp. $4.95 (P). (Macmillan, $5.45). Critical guide to 101 major U.S. feature films.
Communications and Media: Constructing a Cross-Discipline. By George N. Gordon. Hastings House 1975. 220 pp. $12.50 (H), $6.95 (P). (Saunders, $15.75, $8.75). Study of technical relationships between film and other mass media.
Crossroads to the Cinema. By Douglas Brode. Holbrook 1975. 491 pp. $5.95 (P). Study of film for introductory cinema courses.
Day For Night. By François Truffaut. Grove 1975. 175 pp. $3.95 (P). (Random, $4.50). Translated script of the film.
The Dracula Book. By Donald F. Glut. Scarecrow 1975. 408 pp. $12.50 (H).
Film and the Critical Eye. By Dennis DeNitto and William Herman. Macmillan 1975. 555 pp. $6.95 (P). (Collier-Macmillan, $7.75). Analyses of outstanding fictional films.
Film: An Introduction. By John L. Fell. Praeger 1975. 288 pp. $12.50 (H), $5.95 (P). (Burns & MacEachern, $13.75, $6.55). An interpretation of the narrative film.
Filmarama. Vol. I (1893-1919). John Stewart, ed. Scarecrow 1975. 401 pp. $15.00 (H). Cross-indexed compilation of performers' screen credits.
Filmguide to Odd Man Out. By James DeFelice. Indiana University Press 1975. 93 pp. $6.95 (H), $1.95 (P). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, ?, $2.25)
Filmguide to Triumph of the Will. By Richard Meran Barsam. Indiana University Press 1975. 92 pp. $6.95 (H), $1.95 (P). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, ?, $2.25)
Film Literature Index. Vincent J. Aceto, Jane Graves and Fred Silva, eds. Filmdex 1975. 444 pp. $125.00 for 4 quarterly issues and annual clothbound cumulation. Present volume is annual cumulation for 1973.
John Ford's Stagecoach. Richard J. Anobile, ed. Avon 1975. 256 pp. $5.95 (P). (Barrdawn Sales, $6.45). The screenplay in text and pictures.
The Glamour Girls. By James Robert Parish and Don E. Stanke. Arlington 1975. 752 pp. $17.95 (H). (Dent)
Godard and Others. By Louis D. Giannetti. Fairleigh Dickinson University Press 1975. 184 pp. $10.00 (H). Essays on film form.
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ed. Crown 1975. 224 pp. $8.95 (H). (General, $10.00). Verbal and visual gems from W.C. Fields' short films.

Hanging on in Paradise. By Fred Lawrence Guiles. McGraw-Hill 1975. 412 pp. $15.00 (H). ($16.50). Literati in Hollywood.

Hitchcock. By George Perry. Doubleday 1975. 126 pp. $7.50 (H). (Macmillan, $10.25)

Hollywood and After. By Jerzy Toeplitz. Regnery 1975. 288 pp. $10.95 (H), $5.95 (P). (Methuen, $16.65, ?). The changing face of U.S. movies.

Hollywood Babylon. By Kenneth Anger. Straight Arrow 1975. 306 pp. $14.95 (H). (Musson, $17.25). The largely-rewritten classical exposé.

Gene Kelly. By Clive Hirschhorn. Regnery 1975. 336 pp. $11.95 (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, ?)

Kings of the Bs: Working Within the Hollywood System. Todd McCarthy and Charles Flynn, eds. Dutton 1975. 574 pp. $12.50 (H), $6.95 (P). (Clarke, Irwin, $15.00, $8.35). An anthology of film history and criticism.

Latin American Cinema. By E. Bradford Burns. UCLA Latin American Center 1975. 137 pp. $3.95 (P).

Ernst Lubitsch's Ninotchka. Richard J. Anobile, ed. Avon 1975. 256 pp. $5.95 (P). (Barrdawn Sales, $6.45). The screenplay in text and pictures.

Magic Moments. By Walt Disney. Crown 1975. 191 pp. $9.98 (H). Ten Disney cartoons in sequential frame blow-ups and text, originally published in Italy in 1973.

Marilyn. By Norman Mailer. Warner 1975. 381 pp. $2.50 (P). Paperback edition with added chapter conjecturing murder.

Marvellous Méliès. By Paul Hammond. St. Martin's 1975. 159 pp. $10.00 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $11.95 (H), $5.50 (P))

Mayer and Thalberg: The Make-Believe Saints. By Samual Marx. Random House 1975. 284 pp. $10.00 (H). ($11.50)

Tina Modotti. By Mildred Constantine. Two Continents 1975. 224 pp. $14.95 (H). Biography of actress, political activist, photographer and friend of Edward Weston.

The Movie Buff's Book. By Ted Sennett. Pyramid 1975. 192 pp. $3.95 (P).

The Mythical World of Nazi War Propaganda, 1939-1945. By Jay W. Baird. U. of Minnesota Press 1975. 341 pp. $15.00 (H). Includes references to feature films, newsreels and documentaries.

Laurence Olivier. By John Cottrell. Prentice-Hall 1975. 433 pp. $10.95 (H). ($11.95)

On Being Funny: Woody Allen and Comedy. By Eric Lax. Charterhouse 1975. 250 pp. $8.95 (H). (General, $9.25)

The Privilege of His Company: Noel Coward Remembered. By William Marchant. Bobbs-Merrill 1975. 276 pp. $10.00 (H). (Thomas Allen, $11.95)

Screen Test. By Peter Bowen, Martin Heyden and Frank Riess. Penguin 1975. 303 pp. $2.50 (P). Quizzes about movies.

The Sexy Cinema. By Marv Strick and Robert I. Lethe. Sherbourne 1975. 160 pp. $4.95 (P).

Sophia. By Donald Zec. McKay 1975. 282 pp. $8.95 (H). (Saunders, $11.95). An "intimate biography" of La Loren.

Stars of the Twenties. By Mary Dawn Earley. Viking 1975. 105 pp. $10.00 (H). (Macmillan, $11.50). Collection of James Abbe's photographs.

The Supersecs. By Alice Marchak and Linda Hunter. Charles Publ. 1975. 253 pp. $7.95 (H). Memoirs of Julie Andrews' and Brando's private secretaries.

Tape Recording From A to Z. By Doug Crawford. Barnes 1975. 112 pp. $7.95 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $10.00)

Their Hearts Were Young and Gay. By Marc Best. Barnes 1975. 269 pp. $10.00 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $12.50). Lives and careers of 40 child stars.

There Must Be a Lone Ranger. By Jenni Calder. Taplinger 1975. 254 pp. $8.95 (H). (Burns & MacEachern). The American West in film and in reality.

Those Fabulous Movie Years: The 30's. By Paul Trent. Crown 1975. 192 pp. $14.95 (H). (General, $17.25)

The Unquiet Death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. By Alvin H. Goldstein. Lawrence Hill 1975. Unp. $8.95 (H), $4.95

George L. George, for many years a film director, with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is a book reviewer for several film magazines.

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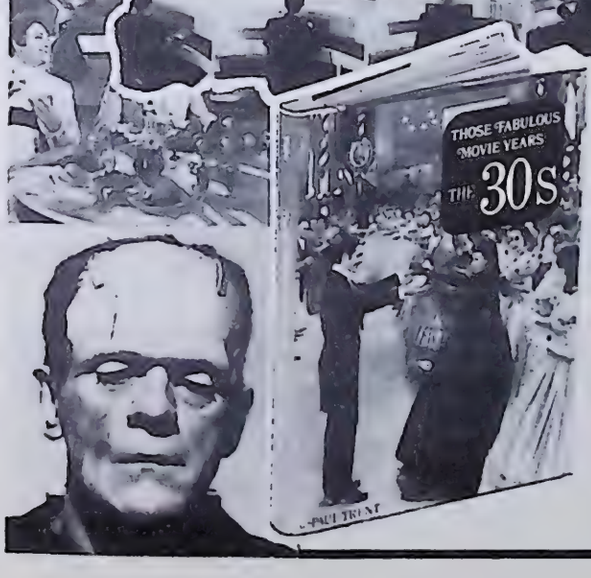

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(P). (McLeod, $9.95, $5.50). The script of the television film.

Visions of Tomorrow. By Edward Edelson. Doubleday 1975. 117 pp. $4.95 (H). ($5.75). Science fiction as shown in the movies.

The World of Entertainment! By Hugh Fordin. Doubleday 1975. 576 pp. $15.00 (H). ($17.25). Story of the Arthur Freed unit at MGM.

The World Encyclopedia of the Film. Tim Cawkwell and John M. Smith, eds. A & W Visual Library 1975. 454 pp. $7.95 (P). ($8.95)

George L. George

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

DWG A bibliographic update

Since my Griffith bibliography appeared in *Take One* Vol. 4 No 8, I have been deluged with letters inquiring why I omitted each letter-writer's favorite book. My list contained only the books I used as background for my article, but I would like to add the following as supplementary reading, and welcome any additions (providing they are books and not periodicals — listing the extant magazine articles about Griffith would fill another entire issue of this magazine).

Bowser, Eileen, ed. ***Biograph Bulletins 1908-1912***. New York: Octagon (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), 1973 (in Canada: McGraw-Hill-Ryerson). Reproductions of the original Biograph handbills — complete with plot synopses — advertising Griffith's films. An expensive ($30, $34.50 in Canada) but useful collection.

Brakhage, Stan. ***The Brakhage Lectures***. Chicago: The Good Lion Press, 1972. Transcripts of Brakhage's four lectures in 1970-71 at the Art Institute of Chicago on Méliès, Griffith, Dreyer and Eisenstein.

Cooper, Miriam, with Bonnie Herndon. ***Dark Lady of the Silents***. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1973 (in Canada: Thomas Allen). A gossipy, sometimes vulgar, account of Miss Cooper's life with "picture people", among them Griffith and husband Raoul Walsh. Material on the making of **The Birth of a Nation** and **Intolerance** is better-reported almost anywhere else but here, and the personal revelations, for the most part, give little important insight into "the master". Reads like a tabloid.

Croy, Homer. ***Star Maker: The Story of D.W. Griffith***. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1959. For years the only Griffith biography in existence, this is probably the worst account of him between two covers. Totally unreliable.

Eisenstein, Sergei. ***Film Form***. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1949 (in Canada: Longman). Contains the famous critical comparison of Griffith's techniques to those of the Russian filmmakers in the chapter, "Dickens, Griffith and the Film Today".

Huff, Theodore. ***A Shot Analysis of D.W. Griffith's The Birth of a Nation***. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1961. Out of print, but see if you can find a copy. It's probably the best dissection of the film ever published.

Huff, Theodore. ***Intolerance: The Film by David Wark Griffith: Shot-by-Shot Analysis***. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1966. Likewise.

Jacobs, Lewis. ***The Rise of the American Film***. New York: Teacher's College Press, 1968 (in Canada: Guidance Centre). Contains the controversial and much-challenged chapter on the reasons for, and evidence of, Griffith's downfall, employing the theory that, by his last films, Griffith "was no longer influencing movies but being influenced by them."

Kerr, Judge Charles, ed. ***History of Kentucky***. Chicago and New York: Connelly and Coulter, 1922. Gives not only complete biographies of Griffith and his father, but a surprisingly accurate (for a volume published during Griffith's active years) assessment of Griffith's contribution to film.

MacDonald, Dwight. ***On Movies***. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969. Discussion of Griffith's instinctive genius. MacDonald says Griffith was totally devoid of theory.

Niver, Kemp R. ***Biograph Bulletins 1896-1908***. Los Angeles: Locare Research, 1971. ***D.W. Griffith: His Biograph Films in Perspective***. Los Angeles: Historical Films, 1974. ***D.W. Griffith's The Battle at Elderbush Gulch***. Los Angeles: Locare Research, 1972. And ***Motion Pictures from the Library of Congress Paper Print Collection, 1894-1912***. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press, 1968. Four erudite evaluations and analyses of Griffith's early work. Extremely valuable to those tracking down Griffith's claimed innovations.

Pickford, Mary. ***Sunshine and Shadow***. New York: Doubleday, 1955. A basically useless recollection, offering only the most elementary information on Griffith. It even misspells his middle name.

Ramsaye, Terry. ***A Million and One Nights***. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1926. Contains several chapters assessing Griffith's place in the evolution of the cinema. Written by the man who coined the much-repeated phrase, "the syntax of film".

Rosen, Marjorie. ***Popcorn Venus***. New York: Avon Books, 1973. Chapter 3 — "Mary's Curls, Griffith's Girls" — is a highly critical and astute look at Griffith's female characters, based on the theory that Griffith's own peculiar and "perverse" attitudes toward women dictated the typical screen heroine of the silents. Fascinating.

Slide, Anthony. ***The Griffith Actresses***. South Brunswick and New York: A.S. Barnes, 1973 (in Canada: Smithers & Bonellie). Slide devotes a chapter to each of Griffith's principal actresses, but virtually no actress who worked with Griffith often — not even Josephine Crowell nor Kate Bruce — is ignored. Complete and detailed biographies.

To make this list as current as possible, let me mention that Crown Publishers (in Canada: General) has announced Edward Wagenknecht and Anthony Slide's ***The Films of D.W. Griffith*** (246 pp.) for this November.

The following books, with which I am not familiar, also contain material about Griffith:

Hastings, Charles Edward and Herman Holland. ***A Biography of David Wark Griffith***. New York: D.W. Griffith Service, date unknown, but probably before 1915.

Lawson, John Howard. ***Film: The Creative Process***. New York: Hill & Wang, 1967 (in Canada: McGraw-Hill-Ryerson).

Long, Robert E. ***David Wark Griffith***. New York: D.W. Griffith Service, 1920.

Long, Robert E. ***David Wark Griffith: A Brief Sketch of His Career***. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1946.

Messell, Rudolph. "D.W. Griffith", in ***This Film Business***. London: Ernest Benn, 1928.

Alanna Nash

INFO

BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

Aloha Bobby and Rose. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Battle of China. CAN:ITE. US:TWY.
Battle of Russia. CAN:ITE. US:TWY.
Beyond the Valley of the Dolls. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Big Parade. CAN:CFI. US:FI.
Bonnie and Clyde. CAN:WB. US:SWK.
Charles Dead or Alive (Charles, Mort ou Vif). CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
The Chase. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Cherry, Harry and Raquel. CAN:CPX. US:RON.
The Cockfighter (Born to Kill). US:NWP.
Dusty and Sweets McGee. WB*
Fantasia. CAN:BEL. US:BV.
Gate of Hell. CAN:NCE. US:SWK.
La Grande Illusion. CAN:CRI. US:JAN.
Greed. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Green Berets. CAN:WB. US:SWK.
The Invitation. CAN:FAR.
Joyless Street (Die Freudlose Strasse). CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
Kansas City Bomber. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Lancelot of the Lake. CAN:CAR. US:NYF.
Little Big Man. CAN:AST. US:NGP.
Louisiana Story. CAN:CFI. US:CMH.
Mickey One. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
The Middle of the World (Le Milieu du monde). CAN:FAR.
Model Shop. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Night Moves. WB*
A Page of Madness (Kurruta Ippeiji). CAN:FAR. US:NLC.
The Passion of Joan of Arc. CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
Point Blank. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Ride in the Whirlwind. CAN:MMP. US:STE.
La Salamandre. CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
The Seven Minutes. CAN:BEL. US:FI?
The Shooting. CAN:MMP. US:STE.
Supervixens. RMF.
Sweet Sweetback's Baadass Song. CAN:PR. US:WB.
Three Days of the Condor. CAN:PAR* US:FI*
Two-Lane Blacktop. UNI.
Vixen. CAN:CPX. US:RON.
The Wild Party. CAN:AST* US:AIP*
Zabriskie Point. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Zorn's Lemma. FMC.

* 16mm prints may not be currently available.

While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any misinformation given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AIP. American International Pictures, 9033 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. 90211.
AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
BEL. BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto. M5B 1B6.
BV. Buena Vista Films, 3505 Buena Vista St., Burbank, Cal. 91505
CAR. Cine-Art Film Distributing, 1204 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal. H2L 2G9.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa. K2A 2H7.
CMH. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.
CPX. Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal. H4P 2C8.
CRI. Criterion Films, 2310 Benny Ave., Montreal. H4B 2R4.
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal. H2Y 1G6.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
FMC. Film-Makers' Cooperative, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York. N.Y. 10016.
ITE. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6M 2P5.
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.
MMP. Martin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont. L5G 1C9.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NGP. National General Pictures, 600 Madison Ave., New York. N.Y. 10022.
NLC. New Line Cinema, 853 Broadway, NYC 10003
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90069.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto. M5E 1E9.
PR. Prima Films, Suite 205, 135 Sherbrooke St. E., Montreal, Que.
RMF. RM Films International, P.O. Box 3748, Hollywood, CA 90028.
RON. Roninfilm, 43 West 61st Street, New York. N.Y. 10023.
STE. Sterling Educational Films, 241 East 34th St., NYC 10016.
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2J 4A1. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto. M5B 1L7 and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE NEWS

Libra Films has just organized a non-theatrical division, and their first release is Cocteau/Melville's **Les Enfants Terribles** (brand-new 16mm prints). Future releases will include De Broca's **Touch and Go (La Poudre d'Escampette** or **French Leave)**, with Michel Piccoli, Michael York, and Marlène Jobert, and Chabrol's **Just Before Nightfall (Juste avant la Nuit)**. Libra's rights are for the U.S. and English-speaking Canada too. Info: John R. Tilley, Libra Films, 171 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212-243-8200).

Marquis Film Distributors (416 West 45th Street, New York, NY 10036; 212-245-8900) is distributing **A People Chosen — Who Is a Jew?** (col., 57 mins.), described as a "brutally honest" examination of the age-old question of Jewish identity. Originally made for telecast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the film was recently awarded First Prize, as Best Documentary Motion Picture

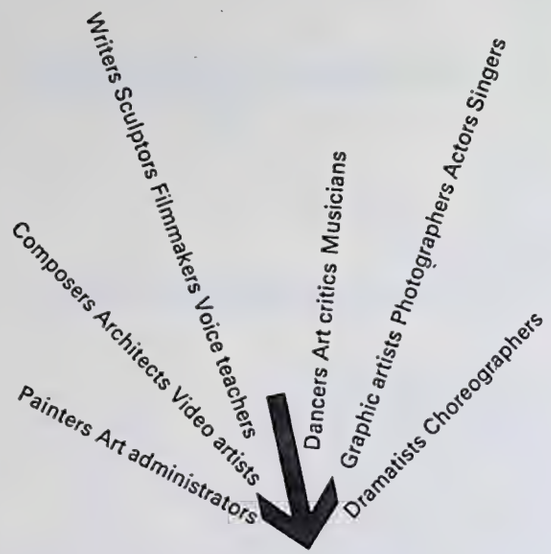
— cont'd. on p. 52

NEXT ISSUE

Take One will **really** set you on fire. James Coburn sips on his carrot juice, leans back in his chair, and says his piece about Sam Peckinpah, Jim Aubrey, Bruce Lee, and other friends and enemies.

Then, Joe Adamson — author of "Of Mice and Cats" in this issue — talks about the real Groucho: "Now that I'm equipped to answer the question, 'What's Groucho Marx like?', I find that knowing him makes any possible answer irrelevant."

The Canada Council offers to professionals in the arts:



Senior Arts Grants

for those who have made a significant contribution over a number of years. Worth up to $15,000 to cover living, production and travel costs.

Closing dates: October 15, 1975 for all disciplines and April 1, 1976 for a second competition in visual arts and writing only.

Arts Grants

for artists beyond the level of basic training. Worth up to $7,000 plus program costs not exceeding $900 and travel allowance, if needed.

Closing dates: October 15, 1975 for all disciplines and April 1, 1976 for all disciplines except music.

Also, applications are accepted at any time for:

Short Term Grants
Travel Grants
Project Cost Grants

For further details, consult our *Aid to Artists* brochure available from Information Canada Centres, or write to:

The Canada Council,
Arts Awards Service,
P.O. Box 1047,
Ottawa, Ontario.
K1P 5V8

Film, at the Hollywood Festival of World Television.

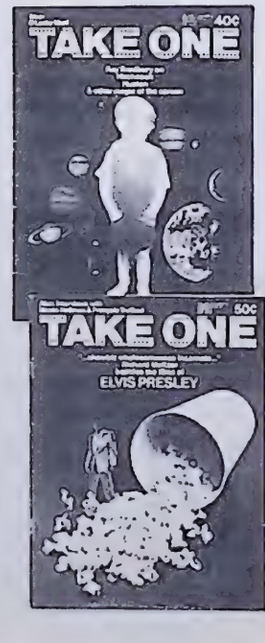
A new company, SRO Entertainment, has entered the business of distributing X-rated films exclusively to the college market. Headed by Peter Senseney (formerly of Swank), the firm is handling such titles as **Deep Throat**, **The Devil in Miss Jones**, **Wet Rainbow** and **Sometime Sweet Susan**. Complete ad campaigns (including ad mats, posters, trailers and radio spots) are available to help aggressive film programmers attract their maximum audience. Info: SRO Entertainment, 21 Gramercy Park South, New York, NY 10003 (212-260-5724).

Roninfilm informs us that they are the exclusive distributors, non-theatrically in the U.S., of Russ Meyer's **Vixen**, **Cherry Harry and Raquel**, and **Finders Keepers Lovers Weepers**. They also announce that they they are now distributing, in both Canada and the U.S., **The Immoral Mr. Teas**, Andy Warhol's **Heat**, Ken Shapiro's **Groove Tube**, and Russ Meyer's **Faster Pussycat, Kill Kill**. Info: Roninfilm, 43 West 61st Street, New York, NY 10023 (212-757-5715).

The Northwestern University Film Library (P.O. Box 1665, Evanston, IL 60204) now has, for distribution in the U.S., the acclaimed (by *Film Comment* and *Monthly Film Bulletin*, among others) **Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons**, by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen (author of *Signs and Meanings in the Cinema*). In Canada, the film may be rented through New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain Street, Toronto.

Iris Films is a new women's film company formed to make films by and about women more widely accessible to viewers and to make it possible for more women to become involved in filmmaking. Info: Iris Films East, P.O. Box 2934, Washington, DC 20013 or Iris Films West, P.O. Box 26463, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

Twyman Films has proudly announced their distribution of the long-unavailable **Anatahan** (92 mins., b&w, Japan, 1953, Eng.narration) by the masterly Josef von Sternberg, who not only directed and photographed the film, but also wrote the screenplay. Von Sternberg uses the (true) story of 29 Japanese sailors' six-year holdout against their country's defeat to create a universal tale. Info: John Geoghegan, Twyman Films Inc., 329 Salem Avenue, Dayton, OH 45401 (513-222-4014).



Swank Motion Pictures (201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.) has a new catalogue out, featuring over 500 16mm features. Included in their exclusive non-theatrical releases are **The Fortune**, **Funny Lady** and Walt Disney's **Alice in Wonderland**. The firm also offers — exclusively — new Popeye, Pink Panther and Mickey Mouse cartoons.

New Cinema Enterprises (35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7; 416-862-1674) also has a new catalogue out (Canadian rights only). Included for the first time are such special attractions as **Scenes from a Marriage** and the Cannes award-winner **Les Ordres**, as well as such long-unavailable classics as **Umberto D**, **Rules of the Game**, **The Four Hundred Blows**, **Jules and Jim** and Truffaut's short, **Les Mistons**. They also have Lang's **Spies** and Pabst's **Pandora's Box**.

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

October 1 is the final date for entries in the fourth **Sportsfilm Festival Oberhausen** (Oct. 26 through 30). Cinema, tv and educational films are all eligible. Info: Sportfilmtage '75 Oberhausen, 42 Oberhausen 1, Grillostrasse 34, West Germany (85-26-52).

The American Film Institute will make $300,000 available in filmmaking grants in January, under its **Independent Filmmaker Program**. Grants (from $500 to $10,000) are made to individuals with proposals for any type of film project in 16mm or 35mm. Students or professionals that are U.S. citizens or permanent residents can apply. Info: Independent Filmmaker Program E, The American Film Institute, 501 Doheny Road, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 (213-278-8777).

Hemisfilm '76 (to be held in San Antonio, Feb. 9 through 11) includes awards for films in seven categories, and is open to filmmakers around the world, with past winners including Gabriel Figueroa, Sergei Bondurchuk, Kon Ichikawa, John Ford, Jean Roy and Luis Bunuel. Info: IFACS, 2700 Cincinnati Avenue, San Antonio, TX 78284 (512-433-2311).

The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee will hold an **International Symposium on Film Theory and Practical Criticism** Nov. 19 through 22, with workshops on semiotics, film and ideology, approaches to film history, etc. Info: Michel Benamou, Director, Center for Twentieth Century Studies, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, WI 53201 (414-963-4141).

The eighth **Midwest Film Conference**

is to be held in Chicago, Feb. 20 through 22, dedicated to the creative use of film in education. Info: Midwest Film Conference Inc., P.O. Box 1665, Evanston, IL 60204.

October 16 and 17 are the dates of a seminar, **Personal Cinema in Public Places** ("a survey of the varieties of aesthetic experiences in independent filmmaking, with emphasis on the intricate relationship between the artist's vision and the viewer's vision"), to take place at the Port Washington Public Library, Port Washington (Long Island), New York. Films to be screened include the work of Brakhage, Baillie, Conner, Deren, Emshwiller, Frampton, Gehr, Mekas and Menken. Info: Educational Film Library Association, 17 West 60 Street, New York, NY 10023 (212-246-4533).

Joan Tewkesbury will head the judging committee for **Cinema Celebration**, a film festival for women, to be presented by the Alpha Chapter of Alpha Epsilon Rho (the national honorary broadcasting society), Nov. 14 and 15 at Stephens College. Films (16mm and super-8), by and about women, are eligible, and the entry deadline is Oct. 25. There's a $5 entry fee, but cash prizes to be won. Info: Cinema Celebration, Box 2112, Stephens College, Columbia, MO 65201.

The 17th **Bilbao International Festival of Documentary and Short Film** will be held Dec. 1 through 6. Films entered must have been completed since June 1974 and be less than 45 minutes long. Deadline's Oct. 1. Info: Certamen Internacional de Cine Documental y de Cortometraje, Gran Via, 17, Bilbao, Spain (24-54-29).

Nov. 1 is the entry deadline for films for the **Washington National Student Film Festival**. Films must be in 16mm, no more than 30 minutes long, and have been made (within the last three years) while the applicant was enrolled in a U.S. college, university, art or professional school. Info: Gene S. Weiss, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742 (301-454-2541).

Temple University's 1976 **Conference on Visual Anthropology** is to be held Mar. 10 through 13 and invites participation from makers of 8mm, super-8 or 16mm films relating to "the human condition". Nov. 10 is the deadline for the return of application forms. Info: Jay Ruby, COVA, Dept. of Anthropology, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122 (215-787-7601).

Refocus is a national student film competition/exhibition to take place Oct. 22 through 26 (entry deadline Oct. 15). All non-commercially produced films in 16mm, 8mm and super-8 are eligible for the cash prizes. Info: Jerry L. Jackson, Refocus Film Competition, Iowa Memorial Union, The University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52242 (319-353-5090).

Visual Communications Today, an international conference on photojournalism, film, electronic and mixed media, will be held at the University of Maryland Oct. 26 through 28. Jerry Bruck and David Hume Kennerly are among the scheduled speakers. Registration fee of $95 includes most meals. Info: Audiovisual Services, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742 (301-454-5633).

CLASSIFIEDS

Reach 80,000 Take One readers, for 50 cents a word (minimum $10). Rates for more than one insertion on request. (Payment must accompany your order.)

FILM ENTHUSIAST with recent journalism degree desires employment within the film production or distribution business. Possesses multiple skills and interests. Write Michael Hawley, 9 Great Woods Drive, Trenton, New Jersey 08618.

HOME MOVIES! Lowest prices — largest selection in Super-8! Free catalog. L/C Films, Box 575-TO, Garden Grove, California 92642.

RARE CANADIAN CULTURE-MAG. Limited number of complete runs (4 issues) of the notorious, seminal, long-unavailable *Five Cent Review* (1968-69) are offered for sale at $10. No Canadiana collection can be complete without them. Write (including payment) Dept. 5, *Take One*, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3.

MOVIE #2. Serious collector willing to buy or trade for a copy of this (August 1962) issue of the British film magazine. Write Dept. 6, *Take One*, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3.

INDEPENDENT FILMMAKER requires associate to complete low-budget feature, shot on location in 7247. Prefer experienced person to participate in $ and post-production in L.A. Contact: Curt Imrie, Box 824, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211 (303-395-6338).

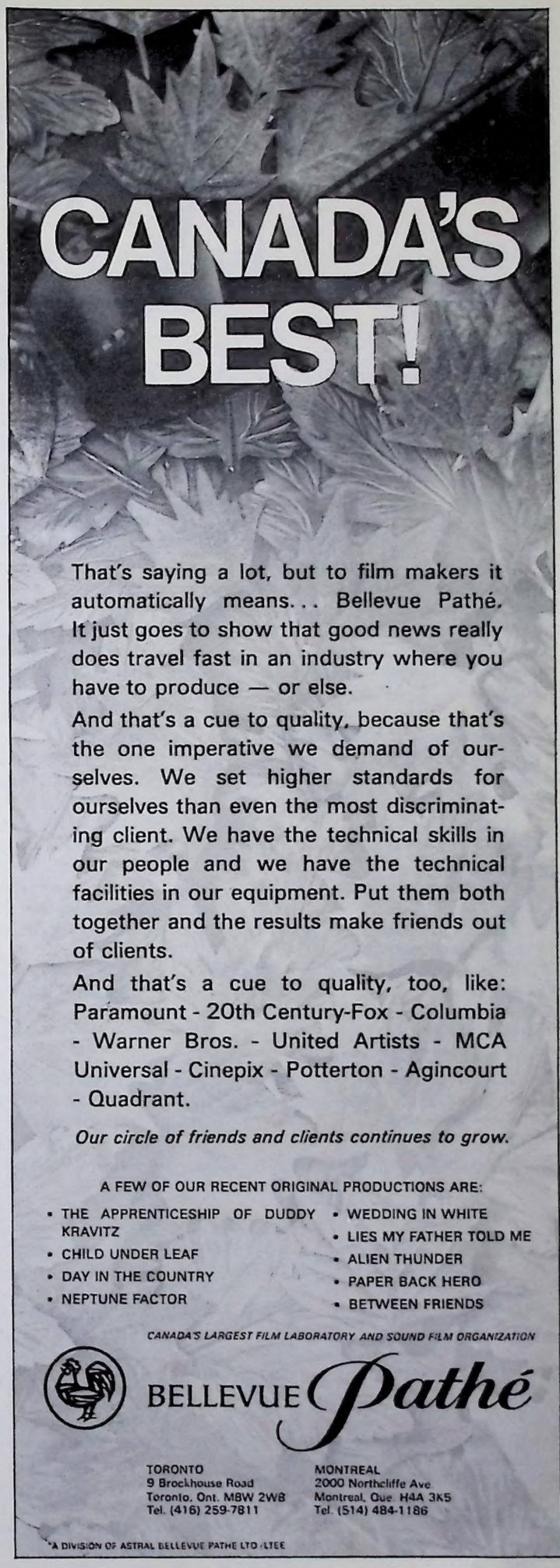
CINEPHILES! ENJOY CLASSIC MUSIC? Then why not join the Max Steiner Music Society? For details write: Charles Odell, 943 Esquimalt Road, Victoria, British Columbia, V9A 3M7.

FILMAKING. Intensive, alternative apprentice-study program for thoughtful beginners. Simultaneous professional/academic experience. 4th year, NYSCA granted. Atelier, Wilson Hill Road, Hoosick Falls, NY 12090.

COMPLETE STOCK of film books. Search and mail order service available. 10% discount for members and students. Write: Gallery Shop, Art Gallery of Ontario, Grange Park, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1G4.

CLASSIC FILM MUSIC from **The Jazz Singer** to **Jaws** and Original Radio Broadcasts on long-playing records. Send 25¢ (deductible from first order) for catalogue and newsletter. Nostalgiaphon, Box 13205, Columbus, Ohio 43213.

MOVIE PHOTOGRAPHS from Paramount's **Sunset Boulevard**, with Norma Desmond, Gloria Swanson, and William Holden. State price. Paul David Perez, 2810 10th Street, Berkeley, California 94710.


CANADA'S BEST!
That's saying a lot, but to film makers it automatically means... Bellevue Pathé. It just goes to show that good news really does travel fast in an industry where you have to produce — or else.
And that's a cue to quality, because that's the one imperative we demand of ourselves. We set higher standards for ourselves than even the most discriminating client. We have the technical skills in our people and we have the technical facilities in our equipment. Put them both together and the results make friends out of clients.
And that's a cue to quality, too, like: Paramount - 20th Century-Fox - Columbia - Warner Bros. - United Artists - MCA Universal - Cinepix - Potterton - Agincourt - Quadrant.
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• ALIEN THUNDER
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Misc.

By James Monaco

Tired of seeing **Jaws** for the fifth time? Bored with the prospect of **Paws, Maws,** or **Caws** (about a covey of man-eating crows)? Not looking forward to **French Connection 3** or **Exorcist 2**? Having nightmares about **At Long Last Love 2**? Take heart. The seventies aren't as shallow as they appear to be. There are still a lot of interesting filmmakers working. Here's a list to cheer you up — major directors' films set to open by the end of the year, and projects now in production to look forward to in 1976. No guarantees, of course, but each of these selections is at least potentially interesting. (Next issue: some possible sleepers.)

For release this autumn:

☆ Robert Aldrich ☆ **Hustle.** With Catherine Deneuve, Burt Reynolds, Eddie Albert. (October).

☆ Ingmar Bergman ☆ **The Magic Flute.** Theatrical version opens in Paris this fall.

☆ Walerian Borowczyk ☆ **Immoral Tales.**

☆ Claude Chabrol ☆ **La Partie de Plaisir.** (see story, p. 44).

☆ Costa-Gavras ☆ **Special Section.** (December).

☆ Stanley Donen ☆ **Lucky Lady.** With Liza Minnelli, Gene Hackman, Burt Reynolds. (December).

☆ Milos Forman ☆ **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.** With Jack Nicholson. (October).

☆ Georges Franju ☆ **Shadow Man (L'Homme Sans Visage).** With Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin. (November).

☆ Jean-Luc Godard ☆ The new version of the Palestinian film (five years in the editing) should be out this fall.

☆ Jan Kadar ☆ **Lies My Father Told Me.** A Montreal immigrant community in the twenties. (October).

☆ Stanley Kubrick ☆ **Barry Lyndon.** From the Thackeray novel. With Melissa Berenson, Ryan O'Neal. (Christmas).

☆ Richard Lester ☆ **Royal Flash.** Based on the George MacDonald Fraser character. With Malcolm MacDowell, Oliver Reed, Britt Ekland.

☆ Sidney Lumet ☆ **Dog Day Afternoon.** With Al Pacino. (October).

☆ Elaine May ☆ **Mikey and Nicky.** With John Cassavetes and Peter Falk. (There have been rumors that this one is finished — maybe December).

☆ David Newman ☆ **The Crazy American Girl.** Newman's first outing as director, and without Robert Benton.

☆ Sam Peckinpah ☆ **Killer Elite.** Jimmy Caan and Bobby Duvall together again as freelance assassins. Lots of martial arts. For Christmas, of course.

☆ Michael Ritchie ☆ **Smile.** With Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and 32 "Young American Misses."

☆ Ken Russell ☆ **Lisztomania.** With Roger Daltry. Franz Liszt gets Russelled. (October).

☆ François Truffaut ☆ **The Story of Adèle H.** With Isabel Adjani.

☆ Gene Wilder ☆ **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes's Smarter Brother.** Wilder spins off from Brooks, taking Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, and Dom DeLuise with him.

☆ Robert Wise ☆ **The Hindenburg.** No, they didn't build a dirigible and explode it, they just used newsreel footage. (Christmas, of course).

☆ Howard Zieff ☆ **Hearts of the West.** Jeff Bridges, Blythe Danner, Hollywood in the thirties. (October).

In production now:
Look for them in 1976.

☆ Robert Aldrich ☆ **Seven Day Soldiers.**

☆ Robert Altman ☆ **Buffalo Bill and the Indians.** From Arthur Kopit's play **Indians.** (And of course there's **Ragtime** looming for next year too.)

☆ Ralph Bakshi ☆ **Hey Good Lookin'.**

☆ Ingmar Bergman ☆ **Face to Face.** TV again. Ullman and Josephson.

☆ Richard Brooks ☆ **Looking for Mr. Goodbar.** The Judith Rossner novel.

☆ Claude Chabrol ☆ **Initiation to Death** and **The Twist,** among others. (See story, p. 44).

☆ Francis Ford Coppola ☆ **Apocalypse Now.** From John Milius's script.

☆ Federico Fellini ☆ **Casanova.** With Donald Sutherland.

☆ Milos Forman ☆ **Someone is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe.** Murder, suspense, great restaurants, FOOD! Far out!

☆ John Frankenheimer ☆ **Black Sunday.** Guerillas try to blow up the Superbowl. It had to come to this.

☆ Jean-Luc Godard ☆ **Breathless #2** has been completed; **Comment Ça Va?** is in the works.

☆ Alfred Hitchcock ☆ **Family Plot.** Script by Ernest (NxNW) Lehman. With Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris. (For Easter).

☆ Henry Jaglom ☆ **Tracks.** Dennis Hopper, Dean Stockwell. Jaglom tries again. (His previous film was **A Safe Place**).

☆ Richard Lester ☆ **Robin and Marian.** With Sean Connery, Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, Richard Harris, and Audrey Hepburn.

☆ George Lucas ☆ **Radioland Murders.** Script by Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck.

☆ Paul Mazursky ☆ **Next Stop, Greenwich Village.** Lenny Baker, Shelley Winters, the Village in the early fifties.

☆ Mike Nichols ☆ **Bogart Slept Here.** Script by Neil Simon. With Robert De Niro.

☆ Alan Pakula ☆ **All The President's Men.** Redford and Hoffman bring down a government.

☆ Arthur Penn ☆ **Missouri Breaks.** Script by Thomas McGuane. Jack Nicholson, Marlon Brando.

☆ Julia Philips ☆ **Fear of Flying.** Philips' first film as director.

☆ Tony Richardson ☆ **Joseph Andrews.**

☆ Michael Ritchie ☆ **The Bad News Bears.** Walter Matthau and just about every famous kid actor in Hollywood (i.e., Tatum O'Neal, Alfred Lutter, Jackie Haley). The Little League.

☆ Nicholas Roeg ☆ **The Man Who Fell to Earth,** and **Out of Africa.**

☆ Ken Russell ☆ **Valentino.**

☆ John Schlesinger ☆ **Marathon Man.** Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Marthe Keller. Screenplay by William Goldman.

☆ Martin Scorsese ☆ **Taxi Driver.** Robert DeNiro, Albert Brooks, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Peter Boyle, Leonard Harris. Script by Paul Schrader.

☆ François Truffaut ☆ **Abel et Calins.** With: many children.

Movies guaranteed to
expand your mind,
twist your psyche, and
warp your soul.

MIDNIGHT MOVIES

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE
—He sold his soul for rock 'n roll.
"A crazy savage film—
iconoclastic and truly liberating."
—Time

ZARDOZ
—I've seen the future and it sucks.
"Zardoz exists at a twilight
level of the dream and unconsciousness."
—Charles Champlin, Los Angeles Times

FREAKS
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